

Academy Days . . .
In Old Missisquoi

Julia H. S. Bugela Theodora Cornell Moore





THE ACADEMY, AS IT WAS IN 1860.

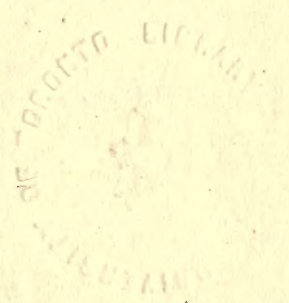
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In Old Missisquoi

With History and Reminiscences
of Stanbridge Academy . . .

BY

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA and
THEODORA CORNELL MOORE



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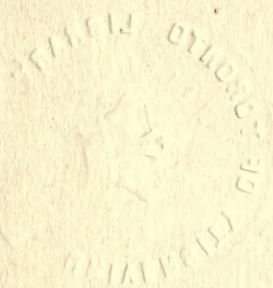
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INTRODUCTION

Cornell Place,

Stanbridge East,

September 25th, 1909.

HONOURABLE W. W. LYNCH,

KNOWLTON.

My dear Judge Lynch,—

Five years ago when you, Mr. Noyes and his daughter, Miss Bertha, were spending a day at Cornell Place, where we were joined by Arthur Baker, of San Francisco, and then on a visit to his old home, do you recollect the reminiscent mood which seemed to prevail—how we quoted the bright and witty sayings of the teachers and pupils of Stanbridge Academy during Mr. Butler's regime and recorded escapades of the most daring? Then more seriously, we talked about the forethought for the welfare of future generations so nobly worked out by the fathers and mothers, their fortitude, self-sacrifice and generosity, that we might enjoy the advantages denied themselves. Somebody exclaimed "What a pity all this should be forgotten as soon as we are gone!" Then and there it was decided that we

should write to one of our most brilliant students of that time, eminently gifted for such a task, our dear old schoolmate and friend, Julia Meigs, and request her to evolve a reminiscence out of the material we could all gather together. You were enthusiastic and have most kindly encouraged us in various ways, not expecting, however, nor for that matter, did we, that more than the Butler period could or would be covered.

Hazy expresses the reminiscent atmosphere at first,—the correspondence waxed warm and frequent between my willing friend and myself, with the result that the mist cleared wonderfully, facts crowded, multiplied, until we were overwhelmed. But, inspired by our beloved teacher, Dr. Simeon Gilbert, of Chicago, whom we had lost for two years, this extended manuscript has been created. It is a sweet thought that childish intuition was not at fault, when we revered and loved the Gilbert family. The intuition of children seems to be like that of women, who recognize much they never dream of defining

To Dr. Gilbert, to Mrs. Morgan, E. H. Rixford, Mr. and Mrs. Gulian Rixford, Dr. McAleer, Mrs. Krans and many others, as you will find for yourself as you read, we must ever be grateful.

The question naturally arose after all these years of separation from the scenes of her girlhood, by the breadth of a continent, in a silent world, where much is lost to those thus secluded, could our dear friend of the long ago scatter the mist, and make things clear?

Her devotion to old friends, her untiring patience under indifference, discouragement and sometimes misunderstanding, have carried her through all the difficulties that confronted her; and here is her work which speaks for itself. I am sending it to you and to Mr. Noyes to review. As you read you will find that correspondence between old schoolmasters has revealed more friendships; and that this is in part a social and friendly reunion. We never expected to thrill the literary world; and the more practical ones might say why try to preserve such simple records. But surely why cherish the memory of anything good and noble. Thus we have gone ahead, and, incidentally, have gathered together facts, so herein you will also find a modest history of the progress of education in the village of Stanbridge. And what pleasure it would be to continue the record of all the noble men and women following through every period.

Now we ask another favor from you—you are the only one of that interesting group of men of your time, that has always remained in Canada and near your native place, and besides have been identified with every movement for the advancement of education along all lines. As the others of your group have done, will you allow us to publish a short sketch of your life, and accompany it with a portrait of yourself?

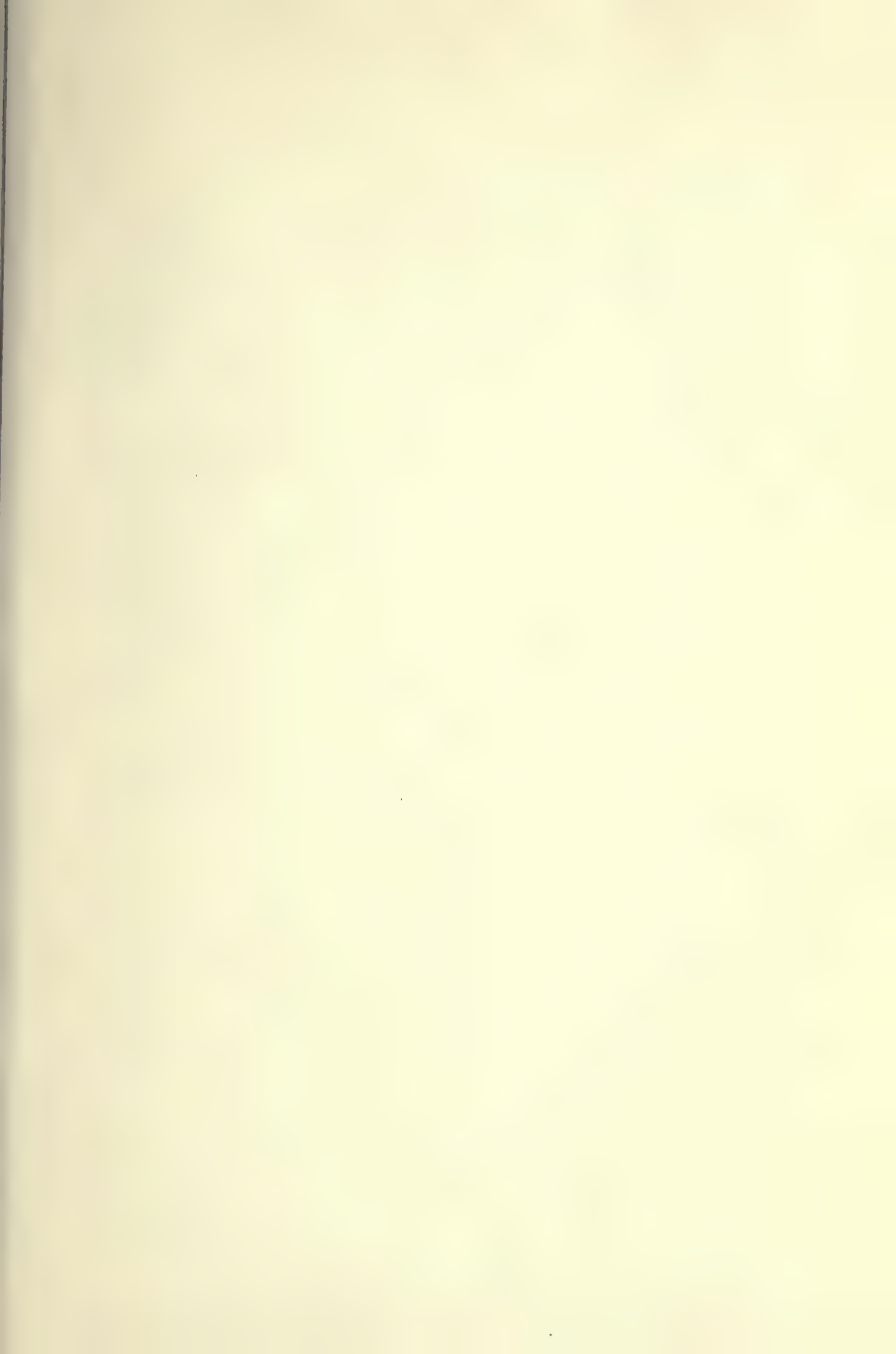
All that we presume to hope for is, that if these pages are gathered into book form, it will give as much pleasure to those who read it, as to the few who have

compiled it—that all expenses may be covered, and a modest sum realized for an object dear to us all.

Hoping that it may be considered, in a small measure, a worthy memorial to all the beloved teachers who have gone,

I remain,
Yours sincerely,

THEODORA CORNELL MOORE.





MRS. J. H. S. BUGAIA.

FOREWORD

By REV. DR. SIMEON GILBERT.

THE ACADEMY AND THIS LITTLE BOOK.

I THINK we cannot too much admire the fine thought, the generous impulse, of those who determined to undertake this memorial venture, and to do so before it should be too late. They evidently appreciated the value, the unique educational value, of local histories when duly treated. They saw how much the Academy had meant. They had the perception, the heart, the spiritual imagination to realize what this Academy had been and had done, not for its pupils alone, in successive generations, but for all this community and the whole region round about. And so they have reverently sought to gather up into this little book, for the years to come, the quintessential spirit and life of this Our Academy.

Kindly honoured by the request to say a personal word, permit me, first of all, to say for myself—may I not say it for each and all of us?—a heartfelt word of greeting, of mutual greetings. Lo, here we all are! Here we seem to see impersonated, not the memory merely, but the mystic presence of how large and goodly a company. Lo, here are parents and pupils, principals and teachers, children and children's children, who, during all these fifty years gone by, learned right

well to love our dear old Stanbridge Academy. Strangers are we? Alas, in great part, yes; yet, not wholly so; for however subtle yet how strong still are the bonds that unite us. A young Indian lad in one of our Government Indian schools, writing a letter to an Uncle in Nebraska, a little dubious as to how he should end it, subscribed himself, "Yours truly, *one of us.*" Perhaps we, at least, can here agree upon that! However far apart the swift, unreturning years may have borne us, thanks to this Book, we again hear the vibrant bell-call, as of old, so patient in its spell to waken the deeper soul within us. And who can disentangle and separate those common, mystic strains of heredity that, during the years, the years that have never died, have been, by the good Hand of the Father himself, weaving them into the continuing and ever-widening life history of Our Academy.

My two brothers, Nathaniel and John, my sister, Lucretia, and my friend, Miss Sheldon—all so vividly remembered and loved by some of you, as I find I with them seem now, as we ever shall seem, to belong with you all to the Academy, the very thought of which—"doth breed perpetual benediction."

Among the various educational and formative institutions, on both sides of the line, it is a peculiar place which the Academy has held. It is (I am sure) a sane instinct that would make us honor it. The District School was good; and, however "daily farther from the East we travel," the thought of it wakens in us almost sacramental memories. The College—in what a world of its own it is—where, for a few years, choice groups of eager youth seclude themselves while in special preparation for that larger world that so strangely beckons to them—and yet the Academy had

in those days no substitute, no rival. In ways no other institution has shown its fitness to do, the Academy had a marvelous fascination, drawing to itself from all sides, from miles around, the more susceptible boys and girls, and there, as if by a kind of magic touch, although in most natural ways, would kindle in them the new ambitions, the resistless aspirations, that ruled them for life. Fine and beautiful beyond expression was this function of the Academy.

This September, 1907, it will be just fifty years, alas, how long ago, since, as one sent for, I came up to Stanbridge (and happily to Mr. Briggs' hospitable home) to have charge of "The Academy," doing so with no little solicitude, eagerness and hope! I had the advantage, along with some risks, of having been preceded by "the other Mr. Gilbert," and every new-found friend naively assuring me that "we all liked the *other* Mr. Gilbert!" Of course, unenviously, I was not surprised at that!

I still wish I might have done better. The conditions were singularly favorable; there was here as choice seed corn as ever a seminary had for its footing and gracious nurture. Doubtless we all mingle some regrets with our gratefulness, as, also, with our mutual area of this memorial arena, prepared for us by the deft builders of this Memorial Book, we wistfully look round about us to see whose faces we can see, whose voices once more, haply, we may hear; whose aspect and bearing we may again observe and note; waiting for no futile introductions, knowing well how little, after all, of all the infiniteness, of all our several life-experiences it is that we can know; yet knowing still, how much of all that is really deepest, most vital, most precious, is common to us all, so that, with sincerest

emotions of sympathy and love and hope, as in sight of that infinitely educative School of the Heavens, whose morning-bells we do often have occasion to hear, we may, may we not, clasp hands all round with hail and good cheer, lifting the torch of memory but the more clearly to point the star of Hope? For, how well we know, there are fond historic memories that stay with us,

Like some clear, large star,
Which pilgrims at their back leave,
And see not always, yet whenso'er
They list, may turn and with its
Glories gild their faces still!

"It is not death, that sometimes in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;

.

That thoughts shall cease and the immortal spright
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft, and when grass waves
Over the passed-away there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men."

HOOD.



CHAPTER I.

PIONEERS OF MISSISQUOI.

RUSKIN tells us with characteristic expression, that the lives we need to have written for us are of "the people whom the world has not heard of, far less thought of, who are yet doing most of the work." Of this class, however humble their station, were the Pioneers of Missisquoi. By slow advance, through unremitting toil and hardship, they made their way to higher levels and nobler outlook; the heights they could not reach, they made attainable for others; they are merged in the shadows of the past, but here and there their work so appeals to succeeding generations, we are obliged *par noblesse*, to make some effort towards bringing them into clearer light. In such loyal endeavor should be written the early history of Missisquoi, and written in full; but neither the material nor the historian is at hand. In these pages we are limited to one interesting corner of the fine old county, and the character building which was initiated there.

When a place and an institution are deemed worthy of being put into print and set before the public in a book, the dweller beyond their familiar precincts naturally asks where on the map of the world they are located, and what are their antecedents. This, in the present case, takes us back to the time when some of our ancestors, like Solon Shingle's grandfather, "fit in the Re-

volution," and some—moved to Canada and settled in Missisquoi.

This county, in the Province of Quebec, borders on Vermont, and is indented by Missisquoi Bay, a location which gave it especial prominence in Revolutionary days. Through Lake Champlain and Missisquoi Bay, being in Revolutionary times the usual, and sometimes only practical, way into Canada, Missisquoi County became the "highway of border warfare," and may be said to have "more history" than any other of the Eastern Townships.

Here, in the year 1801, in a tract of recently surveyed forest land, was erected the Township of Stanbridge. What was it like before its official survey, while yet undisturbed by human habitation? Fancy presents it to view in its sylvan beauty, the little *Rivière aux Brochets* singing in summer on its sunny way to the Bay, in winter going softly under its white roof, awaiting its spring-time frolic. The chief inhabitants were the wolf and the brown bear, and the deer coming at dawn to their favorite drinking places, grazing along the river-banks, under the alders and the silver birches, undisturbed and unafraid.

Very peaceful those Canadian woods must have seemed while over the border a terrible warfare was being waged, with all the horrors of rebellion and civil strife, from whose scenes came vanquished, homeless, hate-pursued and embittered men—old and young, the strong and the feeble—with their women folk and children, to begin life anew on British soil. If, in their need and their large trust in the King, their motto sometimes read:—"George will Provide," we need not be too severe with them, although it is admitted that some of them exploited their King's generosity to its utmost limit.

Of those refugees, "United Empire Loyalists," plain Loyalists, or the Associates who came in later, whatever their proper classification, Stanbridge had its share, they were First-Settlers. One would like to know their first impressions of the new environment. For some, no doubt, it was a sanctuary, for others a lonely wilderness, to be subdued as speedily as possible, with no sighing for "the flesh-pots of Egypt," in this case, the bean-pots of New England. Would there had been a "local-history society" in that community, or even one individual, large-hearted, prophetic, to fill that page in the story of Missisquoi that now is blank.

Fain would we believe that in some ancestral home in a dim, cob-web curtained corner of the old garret, a few faded letters, or a manuscript with its precious legend, await the historian, but it is more probable that if such ever existed, they have long since been routed out by a germ hunting, model-housekeeper, and virtuously burned. What treasures of antiquity, of science and of art, have been swept out of existence, like the patient little spider's marvelous web, by

"The housemaid's silly bluster with a broom."

We are not blaming the housemaid, it is her appointed task; but, oh, for a discriminating broom!

To know the names of those First-Settlers, and the dates upon which they came across the border, or entered into possession of their lands, is not essential to our present purpose. We are chiefly concerned with the class to which they belonged, the stock from which they sprang, and the characteristics which would naturally be transmitted to their descendants.

From one source we learn that "the people who settled just above the line were of the best English and New

English stock." The latter would include individuals of several races, the New England blend being already rich in variety. There is no written account of the settlement of Stanbridge, so far discovered, beyond the official record of its formation in 1801, and mention of a few names of early loyalists, or later associates, who were at one time located here, but seem to have wandered from township to township in a most elusive manner. To picture the life of this period, we must therefore, draw upon account of the Eastern Townships in general.

As to their actual settlement, the clearest, most concise and yet comprehensive account known to us is that of Mr. John P. Noyes in his monograph on "Canadian Loyalists and Early Pioneers in the District of Bedford." "The Associates," says Mr. Noyes, "were the true Pioneers who began the forest-clearing epoch without relying upon Government for provisions and aid. They were a better class of settlers than the old Loyalists could have been."

This, by comparison, admits the earlier presence, fleeting though it may have been, of another class of loyalists; for, however, their coming may have been delayed, and their conduct regulated by prudent care for their material interests and the preservation of those "means" which made them more self-reliant, less a burden to the Government, and therefore a better class of settlers, the associates, *as a class*, were undeniably loyalists, and exiles of the Revolution. The names of some of those families are familiar to us, their descendants still dwell in the land, though many, with the weaving of Time's shuttle, have been carried back to the Republic where they dwell in peace and comfort. The line is still between us, but the bitterness of conflict has long since disappeared. If it seems sometimes

to have been disenterred by local historians it is but a phase of their history writing,—history which, on either side, is being more dispassionately reviewed, and more accurately adjusted. As our writers pass to later events and conditions, broader and more modern views will prevail. The writer who parades details of long buried quarrels and the vices or human failings common to the race in former generations, wastes his time and his reader's patience, and is set down as behind the times. The scientist selects from a thousand plants the one that will best serve the future, the rest are burned and forgotten.

The personal characteristics and the experiences of the early settlers in Stanbridge were, no doubt, much like those of other pioneers in the Eastern Townships, and at that period, not materially influenced by proximity to the Seigniories, or French Parishes. Of those experiences, many are recorded by Cyrus Thomas in his "Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships," published in 1866. Mr. Thomas made careful research among the residents of the different localities and obtained from their family histories, and other records, much that makes his work valuable as a source book. The spirit in which it is written is especially commendable. Its pages are enlivened by thrilling wolf and bear stories, and other illuminating incidents, all the way down to the Fenian Invasion, which was an episode, rather than an epoch, although it serves for such in local territory, and is a fruitful source of reminiscence.

Mr. Thomas did not pursue his research so far westward as Stanbridge; he alludes to it a few times, to fix a boundary, or to locate for a season some wandering associate; he writes at length of interesting Loyalists in

West Dunham (Meigs' Corners), only three miles from Stanbridge East; in fact he goes all round its borders, but evidently with no thought of penetrating to the interior. Clearly, Stanbridge must write her own story, and here is a precedent.

Sulte, the Canadian historian, and a humorist as well, wrote to a friend some years ago, "La Grande Histoire du Canada neglected my native city (Three Rivers). I have avenged it by writing more pages about that humble locality than there are chapters in all the books that have been published about *La Nouvelle France* and the present Canada. Some day I will gather it all in a volume, and the result will surprise posterity; for it will be a big book!"*

The writer does not refer to any publication in particular, but to those general histories which deal with large events, working along broad lines. "La Grande Histoire," says Mr. Sulte, "is poor in detail and needs to be enriched by special work, monographs and biographies dealing with places and individuals often of real importance overlooked by the writers of *La Grande Histoire*." Those which he calls little history, "*Les Petites Histoires*," is usually the work of local societies.

The first and, thus far, the only writer to attempt an historical account of our Township is Mr. Erastus Chandler, a well-beloved citizen of Stanbridge East, long since gathered to his fathers and become himself,

* Benjamin Sulte could write a big book, and a brilliant one, on almost any subject; but the old historic town of Three Rivers is worth while if only for those glorious "double-box" stoves it sent all over Canada and Vermont. Drummond knew—

"De stove from Tree Reeve
Ma wife's fader give her."

"An ol' stove she's rorin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up."

a part of its history. His work has not been available to the general public, being published in a private edition, distributed among his personal friends.

We learn from him that the first Stanbridge settler of any importance was one Wilson, "a worthy man who built the first saw mill in the Township." This was an achievement of some importance. Stanbridge, emerging from its obscurity had become a Mill Town! Of the passing of the mill in its old age, Mr. Chandler gives a graphic account:—

"I saw Wilson's mill in its last hour. There came a great wind out of the wilderness; then was heard a crashing of timber and boards,—a minute more, and all was silent and prostrate."

Of life in the green-wood, in the forest-clearing time, Dr. George McAleer gives some pretty pictures in his "Life in the Eastern Townships." They are so vivid as to almost make one feel a partaker of the scenes they portray. Surely we have known that new log-cabin, fragrant of cedar and pine; the immense fire-place of rough stones; the broom of cedar boughs standing in the corner; the corn-bread and oaten cakes baking on the bread-board, "set up edge-wise, and a little aslant, before the fire;" the Dutch-oven with its "savory, wholesome meal," buried in the glowing coals. He tells of the company dinner, and the Christmas turkey roasting in full view,—one imagines the careful mother hovering near to turn and baste it properly, while the children linger near in delighted expectation, even the dogs in their corner sniffing the odorous air.

Another of those *genre* pictures shows the burning of the forest, or rather, "the after-burning of the logs and odds and ends that had escaped the first fire—all being piled around the huge stumps—the men and boys

working far into the night, going home smoke-begrimed, tired and hungry, to their coarse, but satisfying meal, and then up the ladder to the loft, and their humble, restful beds of straw and corn husks; and all up and at it again in the early dawn."

Next we see the crops of grain and vegetables worked in round the stumps and stones, the open spaces growing larger year after year, and the harvest stores increasing. "After the lapse of a few years," says the writer, "when the stumps had become somewhat decayed and easier to remove, a *bee* would be made, and all the neighbors for miles around would gather with their ox-teams and add to the farm several acres of well-cleared ground." Those bees, stump-pulling, or house-raising, were the primitive picnics. A citizen of Dunham (Mr. Asa Rykert), thus recalls the house-raising bees of his boyhood, in the twenties of the last century:—

"In those times no building could be raised without a jug of whiskey, or at least a pail of 'hard cider,' drawn from the barrel in the cellar. When the last pair of rafters had been raised, a green twig would be fastened to the top; then cups would be raised, and all would drink to the health and prosperity of the home builders." One such "raising" is described; it was the house of a young couple, Daniel and Jane Pell; there was present the eccentric Mr. Spicer, of Stanbridge, an early teacher there, whose daughter was then teacher of the school in the Westover neighborhood, near Meigs' Corners. Mr. Spicer, at the proper moment, raised his cup and in stentorian tones gave his toast:

" Here's to Dan's industry and Jane's delight ;
Raised on a Saturday and finished before night ! "

The work was well done and the little house yet stands staunch and true.

Did that twig of green mean anything? Being a custom, it should have had significance. It may have been a survival of some Druidical rite in which the sacred mistletoe figured. It was at least a poetic custom and it moved Mr. Spicer to improvisation! This was in a Dutch-settled neighborhood; these old-time *Deutschers* had a wealth of superstitious lore.

Mr. Chandler devotes several pages to "an interesting Dutch Colony located in the Northwest corner of Stanbridge" (it was also the northwest corner of Missisquoi) called Clappertown, supposedly from a family named Clapper, who resided there; but it may have been *Clabber-town*. It would have been just like those supercilious Anglo-Saxons, before whom, it is said, the Dutch settlers had to move on, to give the neighborhood such a name. In justice, we should add that the pastoral French are quite as fond of their *lait-caillé*, and that both Dutch and French were wont to retaliate with humorous allusions to *ros bif*, and *punkin pie*.

There was one resident of "Clabber-town," who, according to Mr. Chandler, refused to move on and "contrived to die on the spot." That was real Dutch. He, also, one Lampman, built a saw-mill, after which, says Mr. Chandler, the houses in that vicinity were much improved. This was the beginning of Bedford, three miles down the river from Stanbridge village, now a large and beautiful village, with court-house, mills and factories, which would have been a glorious vision to the staunch old Dutchman, had he been permitted to peer into the future. There were numerous Lampmans among the settlers of Missisquoi, or else one of them moved around a good deal. We would like to claim the late Archibald Lampman, poet of Ontario as their descendant, but there is no authority for it. Mr.

Chandler alludes to the custom of informing the bees of a death in the family, as one of the superstitions of the Dutch colony, but that belonged to New England in general, and is mentioned in English folk-lore, as well. In Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees," it is embalmed, like a bee in amber, and made beautiful forever. Eugene Field has also made a lovely record of it.

Mr. Chandler gives strong descriptions of the trials and discouragements of the settlers; he learned of them in his youth from the old men of his acquaintance. He was stirred to enthusiasm by contemplation of the courage of "those brave old pioneers who faced the rigors of the Canadian winter, and disputed with the bear and the wolf the right of possession." "They had no time to be wicked; wickedness," says our dear old philosopher, "comes of plenty and idleness."

"You, young gentlemen, what would you say to backing a bushel of corn to Saxe's Mills, Vermont Territory, all the way by marked trees through the woods, while your wives and children were feasting at home on prospective Johnny cakes? Many a time have your grandfathers done this. Talk of hard times now! In those days men worked willingly for a peck of corn a day. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the sorry faces of the old men when they brought in some corn frozen to the ground in July. Some dug up their newly-planted potatoes and ate them in despair. Then came the Hessian fly and destroyed all the wheat." But for all this they went forward.

Did the first-settlers bring school-masters with them? Public schools had long since been established in New England, and the old Dutch patrons in their well-ordered settlements, were required to furnish for each settlement "a school master and a minister of the

Gospel." Note the precedence. Considering the demoralized state of the country at the time of their exodus, it is probable that the professional men and teachers were left behind, or betook themselves to the settled towns and cities. That there were schools of some kind at an early period of the settlement, we learn from Mr. Chandler's story of the boy who would go to school.

"I knew a boy who would go to school, shoes or no shoes, hat or no hat! 'Twas winter and no shoes, it was no matter about his head; Nature had taken care of that, but his feet must have protection. At first he bound them with hay, but the snow stuck to the hay, the contrivance being necessarily bulky; so, after a few trips, having conceived another plan, he pitched the hay out of doors; the second invention was a two-inch plank, one foot square, which he would thoroughly warm before starting, then run with it barefoot as long as he could *stand it*, then stand on the plank; and so on until the mile and a half had been completed. You wonder he didn't sew rags on his feet? He couldn't spare them, they were on his back."

"At that time, coal-oil was nine fathoms deep; and tallow, if any, went with a little salt to make the potatoes delicious. So our school-boy, to get his lessons at home in the evening, had to lay his head level with the fore-stick, and, out of a miserably printed book, get on as best he could."

Shoes at this period were not thought of for boys, but they usually had caps; and here follows a description of the prevailing fashion:—

"His cap was a congress to which every old rag in the house sent a representative; they were of all colors that old cloth could fade into, cut an inch or two wide at

the base, and running to a point at the other end. A sufficient number of these formed a pyramidal head-dress, of which many a boy was proud. At first there was always a tassel at the apex, but it was sure to be torn off in his first fight."

In Mr. Thomas' history, we find a description of the school house of the period, it was the first one built in Sutton, about 1808. That township was formed in 1802.

"It was a long structure, and the lower or bottom logs were so much larger than those above, that the portion of them projecting into the interior was cut down about midway of their diameter for seats; a row of seats was thus made around the school-room. The house was warmed by the primitive Dutch-back. A few years later this was improved upon by an elaborate contrivance. Flat stones were placed on the ground in center of the school-room and on these a circular space was enclosed by brick, so as to contain the wood, space being left for a door. On these bricks, an old caldron was inverted, with a hole in the bottom through which the smoke passed into the pipe."

As Stanbridge had, in the matter of settlement, one year the start of Sutton, it is not probable that the latter was allowed the start in educational matters.

We may safely assume that society in the woods of Stanbridge was not highly intellectual; the *culture* was *agriculture*; the libraries those "books in the running brooks"—which for the settlers, contained mostly fish stories—from which, no doubt, they freely quoted. A few printed books there must have been, the Bible certainly, with the family record. We have indeed, some mention of "smoky time-stained volumes" whose blank leaves served in emergencies for correspondence, in lieu of the writing paper of that day, "rough, dingy, and

corrugated like a wash-board." For sealing wax there was always spruce gum at hand.

But the conditions, from this time, rapidly improved. The inventions of the eighteenth century were revolutionizing the country in an industrial way, and their benefits came apace to our border town of Stanbridge. From the crowded centers of civilization in older communities, and other countries, came skilled workmen, mechanics, commercial men and educators, to lead the way in industry and enterprise. "They placed their little shops and mills and foundries and tanneries on every convenient water-power, and thereby aided and extended the good work begun by the old Associates."*

The forest trails became broad roads and highways; well-fenced, well-cultivated farms succeeded to the plantations in the wilderness; and well-built, comfortably-furnished dwellings replaced the log cabins.

The people were better clothed, at less expense; parish churches arose from the primitive Missions so carefully nurtured by devoted missionaries, men of deep piety and often of superior education,—members, some of them, of illustrious families, they turned from the lure of the old-world splendor to make straight the spiritual paths of this Canadian wilderness. Their names shine from the page of history as the morning star shines from the gray sky of dawn. Thus civilization was advancing.

The following poem, pathetic in its simplicity and deep feeling, fittingly closes this chapter. It is from the pen of Mr. Henry Ross, an aged citizen of Stanbridge, who has now "crossed the great Divide":—

*Noyes, in "Early Pioneers of Bedford District."

BEDFORD THEN AND NOW.

In looking back through long, long years
Time's changes to review,
Old things from memory reappear
Confronted with the new.

Some seventy years have passed and gone
Since first the place I knew ;
Brick blocks and churches stand where then
The virgin forest grew.

Then on the river's silent bank
Was heard the woodman's stroke,
No noisy hammer's sounding blow
The solemn stillness broke.

The iron horse with eager pace
Goes swiftly rushing by
Its noisy whistle has replaced
The wild wolf's dismal cry.

Improvement stares me in the face
From every point of view;
And my old frame seems out of place
Amid so much that's new.

From morn till eve, I walk the street
With slow and feeble pace;
And all day long I do not meet
One old familiar face.

Yes, I am left and they are gone
Who journeyed by my side;
A few days more and I like them
Must cross the Great Divide.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD BRICK SCHOOL-HOUSE.

(The Forerunner of the Academy.)

and

ITS HOME-MADE BELL.

By MRS. S. A. C. MORGAN.

LET us treat it as we do a person in whom we are especially interested, survey it from the crown downward, and take note of its utterance. *Cling-clang! cling-clang!* not in mellow, reverberating, persuasive tones, but in short, sharp accents like the terse speech of the day; tones akin to those produced by rapping on an iron kettle, to which the rude bell that crowned that small temple of learning, was a near relative, having been cast by George Chandler in a little foundry, traces of which may still be discovered on Furnace Brook, where the Dunham road enters the village.

It was made of the same material as the kettles and other settlers' implements cast there, though with infinitely more pride and painstaking, and public discussion in bar-room and post-office.

It is related that on the day of the casting, an interested group of patrons gathered around the furnace to watch the bell in embryo, and its evolution from the molten mass, sometimes emphasizing the proceedings with pungent language.

Someone remarked, "It won't have a true ring without silver in it." One of the group stepped forward and thrusting his hand into his trousers' pocket, brought forth a handful of silver and cast it into the seething metal, saying, "D-n it! It shall ring!" thus proving his own *mettle* and public spirit at the same time. Was it not the first school-bell in the County of Missisquoi! Its call was to awaken future generations.

To the uncritical ear, its voice conveyed only one idea—public activity. When it rang, "Ah! then and there was hurrying," to—not fro. During the working days, it quickened the pattering footsteps of children and the buoyant steps of youths and maidens. On Sundays and on occasional evenings in the week, it hastened the weary pace of toilers who, leaving worldly care behind, gather here, as we ascend a hill to obtain a view of peaceful vales beyond, as portrayed to them by those who had "walked with God."

For years—years hedged in by the hard conditions of life in a new country—the Brick School house was the rallying point for not only educational, but social, moral, and religious gatherings. It seemed to afford ample space for all requirements. Here the Rev. Dr. Reid, successor of the beloved Rev. Dr. Stewart, of the Church of England, held afternoon service until the erection of St. James Church; the choir being led by Martin Rice, Sr., assisted by Mrs. Rice and several members of their family, also by Mr. and Mrs. John Corey, and others of their day.

Within the walls of the old school-house, many an adult sinner was convinced of the error of his ways under the fervent teaching and prayers of such long-remembered local preachers as Messrs. Gage, Hart and Hitchcock, besides the Reverend Messrs. Borland,

Tompkins, Armstrong and Flanders, pioneers of the Methodist Church in the County of Missisquoi.

The mention of these services would be incomplete without recalling the devotion and faithful attendance of Mr. Jeremiah Russell, Sr., father of a large family to whom he set a life-long example of Christian living. Mr. Russell assisted the "meetings" by fervent prayers and hearty singing, joined in the latter by such well-remembered music-lovers as Mrs. Matthew Saxe, Mrs. Gordon and her sister, Mrs. Near, Mrs. Wm. Comstock and Mr. Elijah Briggs.

In school-time, the appeals of the pedagogic ruler to the grimy palms of unregenerate boys were mostly unconvincing. Moral suasion in those days showed lack of authority. The approved method was a "word and a blow, and the blow came first," and frequently the blows came thick and fast before repentance was acknowledged. An eminent educationist says, in regard to school discipline in the past, "The children used to sit at the feet of the teacher; now the teacher sits at the feet of the children—the reaction from the old school of—

*Qui, quae, quod,
Fetch me the rod.*

The old masters whose favorite colors were black and blue, are no more," (happily).

Preachers, politicians and lovers were the only people who had time to indulge in sentiment, and theirs was scorching hot, according to the spirit of the time. The strong, determined school-boys, just alluded to, were but "the faithful copy of their sires," in character, such character as, well directed, goes to the moulding of heroes and the making of a nation.

With characteristic thoroughness the worthy fathers

who had received their schooling, supplementary to what they had received from "books in the running brooks," in a small frame, or log building somewhat north of the village and less centrally located, now desired better advantages for their children, so they set to work with a will to accomplish their purpose. There appears to be no one left to tell us in what year the building was erected; but it must have been in the early twenties of the last century, since it was the first brick building in the village of Stanbridge. The bricks that composed the walls were manufactured by James Bickford on the farm now owned by Mr. Adelbert Phelps near the village. The building was firmly and solidly built with wide porch and a belfry. According to Ruskin, "a house is built by a man worthily, if he is worthy; and ignobly, if he is ignoble." The house finished, these enterprising fathers, among whom are such honorable names as Cornell, Chandler, Baker, Rice, Scagel, Saxe, Drew, Stanton and Corey—spared no pains to secure the services of men of talent and ability; generally they were college-bred gentlemen. The earlier teachers comprised the names of Spicer, Quinn, Arthur (father of the late President Arthur), Benjamin, Kennedy, Nutting, Flint, Watkins, Faucett, Chandler, (Edmund and Azro) Henry Baker, and John McGregor, a typical Highland Scotchman as his name suggests.

Though bearing the humble title of District-school, and with short curriculum, with reference chiefly to the simple needs of every-day life, a better foundation was laid for cumulative education than is acquired at the advanced schools of the present day, with all the multitudinous subjects taught.

Auxiliary to the day-school, there were spelling-schools in the winter evenings, in which the pupils of

Meigs' Corners (Dunham West), and Stanbridge Ridge, sometimes took part. Then these spelling visits were returned with the jingle of sleigh-bells and much hilarity.

Special masters came to teach writing, geography and singing classes in the evenings; all of which were occasions for flirtations and courtship, for the beautiful girls of those by-gone days were irresistible. Flowers of a former season, they are crumbled and gone; but the sweet memory of their loveliness remains with us like a lingering fragrance.

During school hours much thought was diverted from the "Rule of Three," to the rule of one; sometimes to the rule of many, as proved by apple-paring bees, or any sort of a bee that gave promise of a dance and a homeward walk or drive by moonlight.

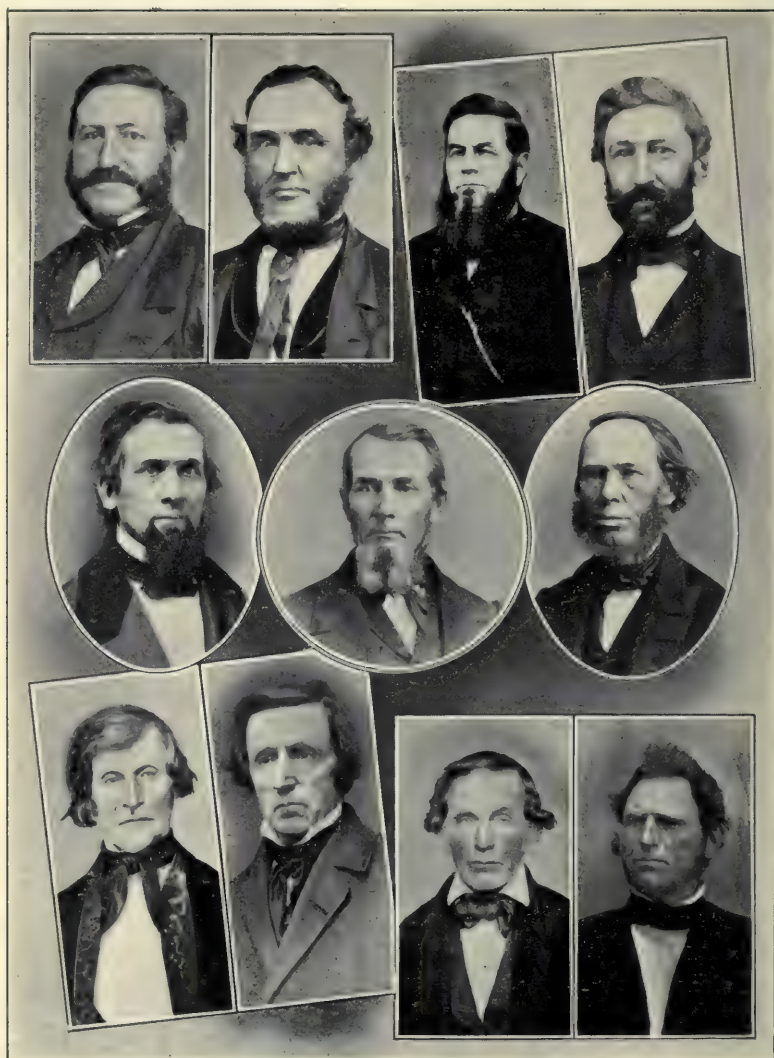
The Summer terms of our school were attended by the younger pupils and were taught by well-qualified young women, among whom we re-call—the Misses Cynthia Hitchcock, Fannie Bancroft, Sarah Bancroft, Hannah Gage, Priscilla Gage, Mrs. Permillia Minckler, Maria Vincent, Lucy Comstock, C. Rice, B. A. Bangs, Harriet Stinehour, Seraph Thomas and Caroline Throop.

Select schools in private rooms were kept at various times by Maria Chandler, Corlista Rice and Seraph Thomas. With the opening of the new school of Stanbridge Academy in 1855, the glory of the old one became only a reminiscence, though the walls were relaid and a primary school was maintained there for many years, until it was affiliated with the Academy as a graded school.

Subsequently the District school-house was sold and remodelled as a cottage. Mr. James Jones, who rebuilt the school-house became possessor of the bell; it changed

owners several times, finally coming into the possession of Mr. Thomas Jones, whose father, Timothy Jones, was first-cousin and school-mate of the celebrated Daniel Webster, in New Hampshire.

Mr. Jones has given the bell a most unique setting between two curious upright branches of a tree near his secluded dwelling. And here the old bell rings out "to the wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty night." We can fancy it wondering sadly, why the girls and boys come no more—why vacation is so long.



EARLY TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.

First Row—Edwin Cornell, H. N. Whitman, E. J. Briggs, S. H. Cornell.

Second Row—Wm. Blinn, N. M. Blinn, J. C. Baker.

Third Row—M. Saxe, Erastus Chandler, James Scagel, A. R. Harris.

CHAPTER III

THE ACADEMY.

TO the superficial observer it would seem that the building of Stanbridge Academy began on that memorable date when a number of earnest men assembled in the old Brick School-house, formed an association and put it in working order. But one year previous, the leading citizens of Stanbridge East had subscribed to a building fund; and back of that was the spirit of a former period, that of the old Brick School-house. The fathers had desired something better for their children than the log-house of their school-days, and had "set to work with a will" to provide it.

The spirit of progress passed to their successors, and they, having grown not only in alertness, but in breadth of mind, gave their plans wider scope. Their success was even greater than their ambition; but this, too, resulted from the wisdom of the fathers who, not content with a more elegant structure, had "spared no pains" to procure teachers of ability and culture. It was the evolution of the educational idea in Stanbridge.

On the evening of January 14, 1854, a meeting was held in the School-house of Stanbridge East for the purpose of organizing an "Academy Association." There were present a majority of those who had previously subscribed to the building fund, the subscription list bearing date December 7th, 1853. The names of the signers who were present at the meeting, their subscriptions ranging from £2 10s. to £25 were:—

Wm. A. Blinn, Matthew Saxe, T. R. F. Hildreth, L. Baker, N. M. Blinn, E. J. Briggs, J. C. Baker, J. M. Jones, Orange Blinn, H. W. Rice, A. R. Harris, E. Cornell, C. R. Tree, F. Pierce, W. A. Comstock, James Scagel.

Other subscribers were:—

S. H. Cornell, L. Carrington, Varnum Pierce, P. Lambkin, L. S. Dyke, John Chandler, Hiram Corey, L. P. Stanton, Curtis Pierce, Martin Rice, E. C. Knight, Jeremiah Russell, John Gage, John Saxe, E. Chandler.

Later, Mrs. Stephen Chandler is credited with a sum of money "settled by land for road."

The meeting was organized by appointing N. M. Blinn, chairman, and J. C. Baker, secretary. The following preamble and constitution was adopted:—

"Whereas it is deemed expedient to establish at the village of Stanbridge East, an academical institution and erect a suitable building for the same, we, the subscribers and stockholders, do hereby subscribe and agree to the following constitution:—

"Article 1st. This Association shall be known and designated as the Stanbridge East Academy Association.

"Article 2nd. The capital stock of this Association shall be five hundred pounds currency to be divided into two hundred shares of two pounds, ten shillings each.

"Article 3rd. Every person subscribing for one share or more, or acquiring the same by purchase, and paying all demands on the same as required by the Trustees, shall be a member of this Association, and be entitled to one vote for every share, in all matters to be decided by vote of the shareholders."

Succeeding articles up to No. 12 state, in effect:

That the object of the Association is the erection of a suitable building for a High School, and the manage-

ment of the same according to the regulations of the constitution; that the officers shall consist of five trustees and a secretary-treasurer, elected annually from among the shareholders on the first Monday in February.

That the trustees shall transact all business, and as soon as eighty shares shall be subscribed, three of these trustees, elected for the purpose, shall proceed to the erection on the ground already selected on Matthew Saxe's farm, of an academy building, not less than 32 by 48 feet on the ground, and two stories high, to be built and finished in a substantial and economical manner, suitable for a High School.

That the duties of the five trustees shall be the selecting and engaging of suitable teachers, prescribing the course of studies, the control of the building and the letting of it for various purposes, "when it shall not interfere with the operation of said school"; to call for instalments to meet building expenses, to regulate the duties of the secretary-treasurer; to regulate and limit the powers of the trustees in the letting of the building, in the engagement of teachers and in expenditures of any nature.

The three trustees, constituting the building committee, were authorized "to execute and receive from Matthew Saxe, a deed of sale and conveyance to themselves and successors (in the association), of the land upon which to erect the building." Any transfer of stock was to be reported to the secretary-treasurer, and a record made thereof, for which he was to receive one shilling and threepence from the parties buying and selling the same.

The trustees elected were N. Manley Blinn, Matthew Saxe, Alonzo R. Harris, Elijah J. Briggs, and William A. Blinn.

Those constituting the building committee were, N.

Manley Blinn, Alonzo R. Harris and Matthew Saxe. J. C. Baker was elected secretary-treasurer.

The date of these proceedings was January 14, 1854.

For the year 1855, the trustees elected were N. M. Blinn, Matthew Saxe, James Scagel, Edwin Cornell, and E. J. Briggs. The three first named to constitute the building committee. J. C. Baker was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

In the old Book of Accounts are the following important entries:—

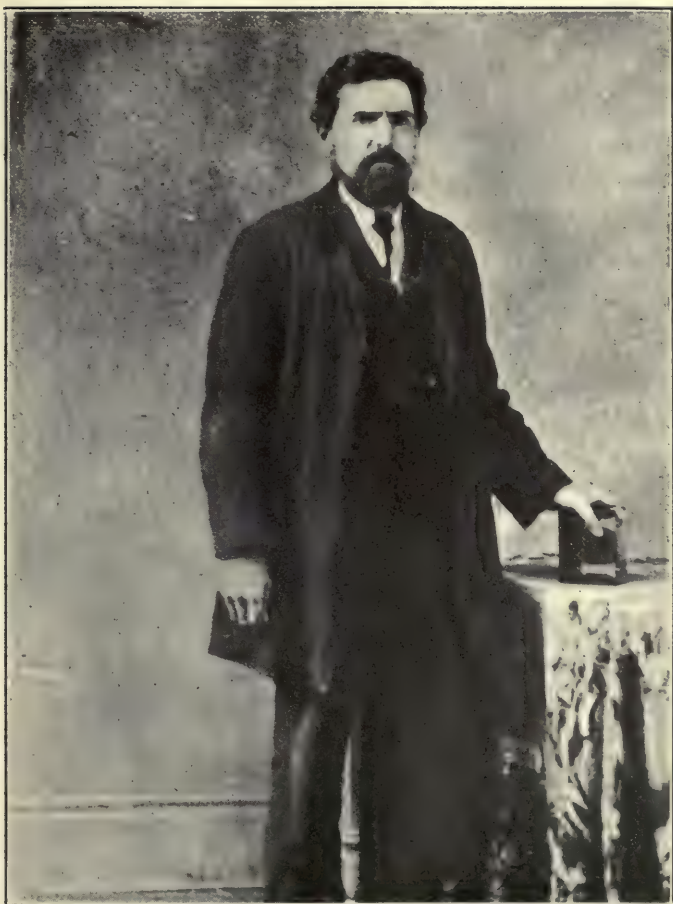
"March 10, 1855, received check on Bank of Upper Canada for £100, the Government grant to aid in finishing the Academy, and £75 Government grant to aid the school.

"August 10, 1855, received check on Bank of Upper Canada for £50, Government grant to aid in completing the Academy, and also under same date, £75 for the school, making in all £300."

This grant was obtained through the influence of the late Hon. Philip H. Moore, M.L.C., who always evinced a keen interest in the advancement of education in the Eastern Townships.

From the accounts, we quote further items and names of builders, "en gros et en détail:—"

The architects and carpenters in chief were Lambkin Bros. (Philo and Lyman); assistants were Messrs. Wood and Mather, William Blinn, John and Stephen Sornberger and Varnum Pierce. The bricks were made by James Bickford, and laid by Reuben Ross; Timothy Kennedy was the stone-mason; L. Carrington, tinsmith; M. Burnham, blacksmith; — Valentine, painter; Benjamin Casey made the doors and, incidentally, a good deal of fun, for he was a "quaint and curious volume" of antique wit and humor. One recalls the genial old



PHILO LAMBKIN.



man with a smile of appreciation. W. Whitman built the fence. Other assistants were John Johnson, Josiah Moore, Barnard Jones, John Near, Peter Smallow, Chas. Bickford and Gilman Tanner.

To one who grew up among the people whose names are recorded here, the lists read like a poem, in blank verse if you will, or no verse at all, but a poem in that it plays upon the emotions and calls up visions. There are tears and laughter in it.

As the story goes on, taken from the old Minute Book, which so narrowly escaped the besom of time, and turns up like the long lost treasure of romance, at the psychological moment, an occasional idea or expression appeals to the reader contrasted with more modern methods of thought and speech. In this, too, is food for reflection; for our turn at being antiquated will surely come.

The old minute book has no record of that gala day when the building was raised, but it is within the memory of man, and we are assured that it was a day of great enjoyment. The women provided a lunch which was served on "The Campus"; and none who knew the old-time housewives of Stanbridge, need be told that the spread was worthy of the occasion.

It soon became necessary for the builders to decide an important question, "Shall we build a belfry?" They were practical men with a sense of the fitness of things. A belfry without a bell would be worse than useless, it would be a reproach; a poor, mean, unmusical bell would be worse than none, yet a good one would require more money than they could devote to it at present.

At this point, two resolute young women arose and took the dilemma by its horns, determined to find a bell, or make one! They were charming and persuasive

young ladies, and it was felt that the undertaking was in good hands. They decided to make a bold move and go at once to the most doubtful personage on their list, Mr. John Baker, senior, by repute the richest man in the county—and the most “nearing.” They told him they were going to give him the honor of making the first contribution, etc., etc. Tradition does not recount all the fine things they said; but the old gentleman interrupted them thus:

“Go home, girls, go home!” (In the barometer of hope the mercury was falling). “When the belfry is ready, I will see that it has a bell, and one that you won’t be ashamed of.”

Whereupon Miss Sylvia Martin and Miss Lucy Anne Comstock returned home. They had found the bell.

Mr. Baker was as good as his word, and for more than fifty years our sweet-toned Academy bell has been an object of pride and pleasure. On hearing the bell, one neighbor remarked to another, “Do you know what that bell says?”

“Who paid my maker ?

No one else

But old John Baker.”

There had been another important provision to make, a staff of teachers, *right teachers*. Doubtless it had been a subject of earnest consideration; and about this, too, the founders of the institution had right ideas. To them, education meant more than scholarship and school-room discipline.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a rare old pamphlet by Benjamin Franklin, published more than a century and a half ago, “Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,” an essay which resulted in the establishment the following year,

of an Academy which eventually became the University of Pennsylvania. The essay closes with this paragraph:

"With the whole should be constantly inculcated that *Benignity of Mind* which shows itself in searching for, and seizing every opportunity *to serve and to oblige*; and is the foundation of what is *Good Breeding*:—Ability to serve mankind, one's country, friends and family; which ability is (with the blessing of God), to be acquired, or greatly increased by *true Learning*, and should be indeed the great *Aim and End* of all Learning."

The very frame of Pennsylvania's government provided for "A Committee of Manners, Education and Art, so that all wicked and scandalous living may be prevented, and that youth may be trained up in Virtue and in useful Arts and Knowledge."

At the establishment of the first school in Philadelphia, the Governor and Council had "taken into serious consideration the great necessity of a school-master for the instruction—and sober instruction—of youth." On these principles, set forth in Philadelphia a century earlier, our Academy was founded, although our founders did not obtain their ideas from that source; those principles, in their essence, belong to all times and all places, never old and never new.

The search for a school-master for sober instruction in manners, education and art, resulted most happily in the selection of Mr. Nathaniel P. Gilbert, a graduate of Vermont University, a young man of high ideals and the requisite *Good Breeding*. Miss Harriet Curtis, of St. Albans, Vt., was engaged as music teacher.

The engagement of the teachers is set down in the old minute-book, under date of August 13, 1855:—

"At a meeting of the trustees at Edson's Hall, an

engagement was entered into with Mr. N. P. Gilbert as principal for one year on the following terms:—The Trustees to pay him \$300 per annum, and the school fees arising from the department taught by him and his assistant; said fees to be 12s. 6d. per quarter, per scholar, for common branches, and 15s. for higher branches and languages, the said Gilbert to pay his assistants, also to pay for his wood, printing, etc.

The said trustees also approved of the engagement of Miss Harriet Curtis, teacher of music, at \$6.00 per quarter, per scholar; and also of the purchase of a six-octave pianoforte of the manufacture of Boardman, Gray, Co., to be furnished by Pierce and Baker for \$225.00.

Here is a curious commingling of currency, dollars and cents for the American teachers and shillings and pence for the Canadian pupils; but not long afterward the American denominations prevailed, and £ s. d. were seen no more.

There could have been no better site selected for the Academy than the one provided by the generosity of Mr. Matthew Saxe and his good wife. It took a large slice from their small farm which lay alongside the village, on the north. Through some fraudulent business transaction it had been paid for by them in years of toil and economy. Mr. Saxe was a quiet unassuming man, of reticent disposition and a heart of gold. If there was ever any special acknowledgment of his important benefaction to Stanbridge, so modestly bestowed, in a time when it was most needed, it has not yet been recorded in any Stanbridge book; he probably did not wish it. It was enough for him to know that it was appreciated among his contemporaries. They understood each other, these men who were working for a cause. They

all pulled together with a will and made no bouquets to celebrate their deeds. Their wives seconded their efforts—many opened their homes to students, who would not have thought of taking boarders or roomers of any other class. They were glad to help the school along in any way possible, and they provided suitable homes for the young people, at absolutely small prices. There may have been, here and there, those who made commerce of it; but they were rare exceptions.

On the first Monday in September, 1855, all was complete, everything bright and shining, even the bricks glowing red and the shingles golden in the morning sun; piano in the music room; bell in the belfry; teachers down at Mr. Briggs' where they had received a good home welcoming that they never forgot—we have it on their own testimony. And then, through the sunny air, the bell sent out its first clear call, half a century ago!

“ Go way, go way, don't ring no more
Ol' bell of St. Michel ! ”

Our Academy boasted no architectural beauty, its style had no claim to “frozen music” (whatever the Canadian temperature). It has been quite aptly termed a “dear old Knowledge-box!” It was built for strength, utility and convenience, “in a substantial and economical manner”; the rooms were sufficiently large and well-lighted; they were warm in winter and cool in summer; the fashion of the period demanded nothing more. The day of ornamental architecture for school buildings was far in the future; the condition was typical of the high-school curriculum.

But when the large lower room was filled with bright-faced, well-dressed young people, and the upper one lively with pretty children, the music and the “drawing” rooms adorned with their quota, what more could be

desired? When the building was surrounded by students during recreation, and even the sidewalks scenes of,

"Mirth and youthful jollity,"

it was all very pleasant, and a sight in which the people of Stanbridge village took delight. It was fine to be an Academy town. During the Gilbert period the grounds were planted with maples and elms that now are noble trees, adding grace and dignity to the scene.

In the school report for the first quarter, ending November 16, 1855, the names of students are entered without regard to alphabetical order, evidently as they paid their tuition fees to the secretary; often the first name is missing and even the initial. The only classification being "male" and "female," in good old-fashioned, Biblical order.

The first name recorded is, "Windsor V. Rice;" then "Abel Adams, Irving Briggs, Charles Corey, Gardner Stanton, William H. Snyder, Zeno Whitman, Allan Edson, Hiram Blinn, two Chandlers, J. A. Phelps, George Tree, Noah Titemore, Chester Martindale, Chauncy Abbott, Robert G. Saxe.

"Elma Rhicard, Fanny Burke, Phoebe Casey, Emily Casey, Caroline Corey, Alma Corey, Mary Scagel, Agnes Scagel, Mary A. Stanton, Mary Harris, Mary Chandler, Jane Chandler, Emily Blinn, Stella Bingham, Ellen Briggs, Theodora Cornell, Henrietta Cornell, Caroline Blaisdale, Lucy Maynard, Anna M. Martindale, Emily M. Wells, Emily E. Bangs, Didamia Gardner."

"Males 17, females 23, total 40; classical 2, higher English 4, common English 35, music 9."

For the year 1856, J. C. Baker was re-elected secretary-treasurer; A. R. Harris, S. H. Cornell, N. M. Blinn, Erastus Chandler and James Scagel were elected trustees.

The school report for the second quarter, ending February 8, 1856, shows a marked increase in attendance and in the number taking the higher branches:—"Males 31, females 33, total 64; classical 12, drawing 8, music 9, higher English 8, common English 55." The new names appearing are:—"H. Briggs, J. Channell, R. Eaton, Horatio Bingham, George Rollins, Willard Pierce, S. Rogers, James Tree, A. Stinehour, Thomas Vance, P. Dufresne, — Vaughan, Oscar Anderson, Marcellus Edson, Edward Krans, Virgil Corey, Cook, — Hitchcock. Mary Baker, Augusta Gordon, Caroline Harris, Eliza Hennessey, Catharine Hennessey, H. Omelia, Seraph A. C. Thomas, Lucina Pierce, Loftus Smith, M. M. Wells, Charlotte Rykert, Emily Rykert, Lorette Stinehour, Elizabeth Stinehour, Priscilla Palmer, Mary Whitman, Delia Harris. John I. Gilbert assisted during this quarter, and Miss Seraph Thomas is mentioned as teacher of French."

One report for the third quarter, ending May 9th, 1856, gives the following new names:—

John Murray, Dennis Scagel, Frank Scagel, Joseph Chandler, Calista O'Dell, Orcelia Corey, Charlotte Briggs, Orcelia Knight, Sarah Phelps, Helen Phelps, Helen Carrington, Libby McGregor, A. Briggs, Harriet Krans, Charlotte Krans, E. Ireland, Calista Burnham, Cynthia Bangs, Carrie Hadley, Orcelia Gordon, Calista Briggs, total 70; classical 6, higher English 8, etc. From this date no more names of students were recorded by the secretary, which is to be regretted, for no catalogues were issued until 1858.

In the second year Mr. N. P. Gilbert was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Simeon Gilbert, assisted by his sister, Miss Lucretia Gilbert, who was also teacher of drawing and painting. Miss Phoebe Sheldon, of Fair Haven, Vermont, was the music teacher.

Mr. Simeon Gilbert was a graduate of Vermont University, and had taken a first year course in Theology at Andover, Mass. His associate teachers were ladies of high education and culture. The standard at Stanbridge had been set high; the school was now established on a plan that set it well in view of the public. It was to continue along noble lines for many years.

In the third year came Mr. Hobart Butler, M.A., as principal, and during the years of his regime, the Academy reached its highest reputation. Mr. Butler was a leader among the educators of our Province. He was assisted in the school by Mrs. Butler, and others who will be mentioned elsewhere in these pages.

The Academy being now a recognized institution and everything running smoothly, no notes of interest appear in the minute book. The entries are confined chiefly to the annual election of trustees. New names appearing among them are: C. Hart Baker, F. Pierce, H. N. Whitman, P. Lambkin and O. R. Anderson.

At the meeting on February 16th, 1860, Mr. Hiram Edson appears as a trustee.

In 1864 Mr. Hobart Butler, having been admitted to the practice of law in the district of Bedford, closed his connection with Stanbridge Academy, an event which was deeply deplored by the whole community. Years had passed since the opening of the school, years of honor and prosperity; other high schools had been established in surrounding villages without affecting its popularity.

Mr. Wm. Eastwood, a competent teacher, was engaged to succeed Mr. Butler. He remained in charge until 1872, when he was succeeded by Mr. C. J. Chandler, an excellent teacher, thorough and conscientious in his work. He was followed in 1873, by Mr. Webb, of whom we find no other record.

From the spring of 1873 to the summer of 1875, inclusive, the Principal of the Academy was Miss Seraph A. C. Thomas, who had been a pupil and also teacher of French in the opening year. During this time, the school regained much of its former popularity, but unfortunately Miss Thomas failed in health and was obliged to retire.

An entry in the old minute book, dated March 17, 1876, is to the effect that Miss Burnham had been engaged as teacher, "to commence when she pleases," followed by the entry: "commenced August 21st, 1876."

A note in the report of the annual meeting, February 3, 1879, records the transfer of one share in the Association from J. C. Baker to M. V. Bryan, who was then elected trustee. Mr. Bryan was the son-in-law of another trustee, Mr. James Scagel. From this time, Mr. Bryan's name often appears.

In 1881, Miss Burnham, who was also a former pupil of the Academy, and had become a successful teacher, was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Eastwood. Again in 1882 Miss Burnham was in charge.

February 6th, 1882, Mr. J. C. Baker retired from the office of secretary-treasurer, which he had filled for twenty-seven years with wisdom and faithful devotion. A. H. Gilmour, Mr. Baker's son-in-law, was elected to the vacant office. Col. Gilmour proved a faithful and efficient successor, holding the office until the close of the first period, and the end of the Academy Association.

In 1883, Mr. Alson Burnet was the principal. Mr. Burnet was a graduate of the Montreal Normal School, a good teacher with excellent discipline. He subsequently went to California where he was very successful in his vocation, as he was also in Iowa, but feeling called by duty, he returned to his home in Pearceton, near Stanbridge East, where he now resides.

In 1884 Mrs. Breck was the teacher. This lady was a gold medalist from the Montreal Normal. In this year an upper room was rented by Mr. I. A. Welch, secretary of the Y.M.C.A., for meetings, to be held every Saturday night—"consideration \$12.00 per year." This is notable for its benefit to the community rather than its source of income or other connection with the history of the Academy. This year another veteran trustee retired, Mr. N. M. Blinn, who was chairman at the first meeting of the Academy Association, taking part in its meeting for organizing, and continuing until his retirement one of the most active and important members. He was worthily succeeded by his son, Mr. Charles E. Blinn.

In 1885, the teacher was Mr. Eugene Salls, a faithful, conscientious and painstaking teacher.

Mr. Salls was succeeded by Mr. John J. Proctor, a man of fine personality and scholarly attainments, undergraduate of Cambridge University. He had formerly been principal of the Academies of Dunham and Freleighsburg. He initiated an Agassiz Association at Stanbridge, in connection with the Y.M.C.A. The collection they acquired remains in the school. Very excellent papers were written for this Society by Mr. Proctor and also by Col. Gilmour. It was all of great educational value.

Mr. Proctor is the author of two volumes of poems, and was for many years a contributor to the press in the Eastern Townships, Montreal and elsewhere. For several years, he was one of the editors of "The Quebec Chronicle," and in every way successful in his new vocation. He died in December, 1909.

The Academy had now been thirty years in existence, and had a brilliant record. Although during its later years, it had, with other schools of its class, experienced

what were called "ups and downs," they were but signs of the times. A marked change had taken place in the general system of education in our Province; public schools of a higher order were being multiplied; the academy, as an institution, having nobly served its day, was being replaced by the graded, or model school. In due time, Stanbridge faced the new conditions, and, with its old spirit, responded to the call. It was a little difficult at first, the men who had grown up under the influence of the Academy Association, firmly believing that Our Academy was the greatest of its kind, receiving it as an heritage from their fathers (or fathers-in-law), were a little slow to realize that a new era had dawned; its sun was smiting them pretty fiercely before they were fairly awakened to the situation. But to see and know, was to act, and like their predecessors, they "set to work with a will."

In 1858 Mr. Butler began issuing a catalogue or prospectus of the Stanbridge Academy; and we give that for 1860 to show the nature of the institution as well as the extent of attendance of pupils, and it will be observed that they come from a large region of country, and for some considerable distance from Stanbridge itself.

DIRECTORS.

N. M. BLINN, ESQ., President.

JOHN BAKER, ESQ.

ERASTUS CHANDLER, ESQ.

C. H. BAKER, ESQ.

HIRAM EDSON, ESQ.

J. C. BAKER, ESQ., Secretary-Treasurer.

TEACHERS.

HOBART BUTLER, M.A., Preceptor.

MRS. BUTLER, Preceptress,
And Teacher of Music, Painting and Drawing.

MR. E. H. RIXFORD, Assistant
In Classics and Mathematics—Fall, Winter and
Spring Terms.

MISS NASH, Assistant.
Fall, Winter and Spring Terms.

MISS CHANDLER, Assistant
In Classics and Mathematics, Summer Term.
The Fall Term Will Commence September 3rd.

GENTLEMEN.

Names	Residence.
Adams, Abel,	Bedford.
Baker, Arthur,	Stanbridge.
Baker, Howard C.,	Stanbridge.
Bangs, Albert O.,	Stanbridge.
Bangs, La Fayette,	Stanbridge.
Bangs, Sidney,	Stanbridge.
Beatty, Benjamin A.,	Franklin, Vt.
Blinn, Charles E.	Stanbridge.
Blinn, Hiram C.	Stanbridge.
Blinn, Horace A.	Stanbridge.
Boisseau, Isaie,	Vercheres.
Briggs, W. Harvard,	Stanbridge.
Briggs, W. Irving,	Stanbridge.
Burnham, Elisha D.,	Stanbridge.
Burnham, Francis M.,	Stanbridge.
Chandler, George,	Stanbridge.
Clark, Jacob,	North Stanbridge.
Coffran, Charles W.,	Stanbridge.

Colburn, Jonas,	Stanbridge.
Corey, Charles,	Stanbridge.
Corey, Virgil L.,	Stanbridge.
Cornell, Charles H.,	Stanbridge.
Cornell, Matthew S.,	Stanbridge.
Cornell, Zebulon E.,	Stanbridge.
Edson, Allen A.,	Stanbridge.
Edson, Marcellus G.,	Stanbridge.
Edson, Walter H.,	Stanbridge.
Grow, Charles A.,	Essex, Vt.
Harris, Alonzo R.,	Stanbridge.
Harris, Mervil M.,	Stanbridge.
Hodge, Abram,	Stanbridge.
Hodge, George,	Stanbridge.
Hodge, William,	Stanbridge.
Jennie, Hannibal S.,	Berkshire, Vt.
Jones, Henry E.,	Stanbridge.
Lynch, William W.,	Bedford.
McAleer, George,	Bedford.
McGregor, John E.,	Stanbridge.
Monastesse, Adolphus,	Vercheres.
Moore, Willard,	Stanbridge.
Morgan, Edward H.,	Bedford.
Phelps, Albro, J.,	Stanbridge Centre.
Phelps, Isaac N.,	Stanbridge Centre.
Pierce, Martin C.,	Stanbridge.
Rice, Burton T.,	Riceburgh
Rice, Windsor V.,	Riceburgh.
Rixford, Emmet H.,	Bedford.
Rixford, Gulian P.,	Bedford.
Robinson, Benjamin F.,	Stanbridge Centre.
Robinson, Hassan H.,	Stanbridge Centre.
Rogers, Omar D.,	Stanbridge.
Rogers, Waldo W.,	Stanbridge.

Saxe, Robert G.,	Stanbridge.
Scagel, Edgar D.,	Stanbridge.
Scagel, Edward J.,	Stanbridge.
Seymour, Benjamin R.,	Frelighsburg.
Sheldon, Joshua W.,	Sheldon, Vt.
Shelters, Alden,	Bedford.
Smith, Ira A.,	Bedford.
Smith, Loftus J.,	North Stanbridge.
Stanton, Hannibal J.,	Stanbridge.
Stanton, Orville S.,	Stanbridge.
Stevens, Charles O.,	Dunham,
Tittemore, Noah,	Pigeon Hill.
Tree, Daniel C.,	Stanbridge.
Tree, James A.,	Stanbridge.
Truax, John B.,	Bedford.
Vaughan, Orland W.,	Stanbridge Centre.
Warner, H. Leslie,	St. Armand, East.
Whitman, Zeno V.,	Stanbridge.

LADIES.

Baker, Lucy I.,	Stanbridge.
Baker, Mary J.,	Stanbridge.
Bangs, Cynthia I.,	Stanbridge.
Beatty, Elizabeth,	North Stanbridge.
Beatty, Mary P.	Franklin, Vt.
Blinn, Emily H.	Stanbridge.
Borden, Laura L.,	St. Armand, West.
Briggs, Charlotte B.,	Stanbridge.
Buck, Lucy A.,	West Farnham.
Burnham, Calista F.,	Stanbridge.
Butler, Helen M.,	Cambridge, Vt.
Chandler, Auriola,	Stanbridge.
Chandler, Harriet,	Stanbridge.

Chandler, Jane,	Stanbridge.
Corey, Alma I. E.,	Stanbridge.
Corey, Harriet,	Stanbridge.
Corey, Orcelia A.,	Stanbridge.
Cornell, P. May,	Stanbridge.
Cornell, Theodora,	Stanbridge.
Eager, Harriet I.,	Franklin, Vt.
Edmonds, Lydia I.,	Bedford.
Gardner, Lana C.,	Stanbridge.
Gordon, Orcelia A.,	Stanbridge.
Hadley, Caroline C.,	Stanbridge.
Harris, Dora C.,	Stanbridge.
Harris, Mary M.,	Stanbridge.
Hakey, Dellany,	Bedford.
Hazen, Jennie F.,	Alburgh, Vt.
Lagrange, Paulina P.	St. Armand, East.
Martindale, Deborah,	Stanbridge.
Mather, Anna E.	Bedford.
McGovern, Margaret,	Stanbridge.
McGregor, Elizabeth A.,	Stanbridge.
Meigs, Julia H. B.,	Dunham.
Moore, Jane,	Stanbridge.
Moore, Julia,	Stanbridge.
Nash, Agnes S.,	Shefford.
O'Dell, Calista R.,	Stanbridge.
O'Regan, Frances,	Stanbridge.
O'Regan, Jane,	Stanbridge.
Palmer, Sarah A.,	Stanbridge.
Phelps, Amelia A.,	Bedford.
Rice, Bertha V.,	Riceburgh.
Rice Ellen F.,	Riceburgh.
Rixford, Geneve,	Bedford.
Rogers, Emily A.,	Stanbridge.
Rogers, Lorenda G.,	Stanbridge.

Rogers, Pamela E.,	Stanbridge.
Rykerd, Ellen J.,	Stanbridge.
Scagel, Agnes P.,	Stanbridge.
Scagel, Ellen C.,	Stanbridge.
Scagel, Emma L.,	Stanbridge.
Scott, Amittai P.,	North Stanbridge.
Sheldon, Aletha,	Stanbridge.
Shelters, Hannah F.,	Bedford.
Smith, Maria A.,	North Stanbridge.
Smith, Sarah A.,	North Stanbridge.
Stanton, Helen A.,	Stanbridge.
Stinehour, Eliza J.,	Bedford.
Stinehour, Ellen A.,	Bedford.
Stinehour, Mary V.,	Pike River.
Stone, Laura A.,	North Stanbridge.
Taylor, H. Eliza,	Pike River.
Tree, Lucy M.,	Stanbridge.
Worden, Laura A.,	Dunham.

COURSE OF STUDY.

TEXT BOOKS.

The following are the Text-Books in daily use:

Town's, Readers, Speller and Definer; Wells' and Tower's Grammar; Cornell's and Mitchell's Geography; Parker's and Comstock's Philosophy; Pinnock's Goldsmith's History of Greece, Rome, and England; Goodrich's Universal History and Geography; Fulton and Eastman's Bookkeeping; Smith's Astronomy; Burritt's Geography of the Heavens; Cutter's Physiology; Weld's Parsing Book; Webster's Dictionary.

MATHEMATICS.

Greenleaf's National, Adams's, Colburn's Arithmetic; Davies' and Robinson's Algebra; Davies' Legendre's Geometry; Davies' Trigonometry; Davies' Surveying.

CLASSICS.

Latin.—Harkness' Arnold's First Latin Book; Harkness' Second Latin Book; Andrews' and Stoddard's Grammar; Andrews' Reader; Anthon's Cæsar; Anthon's Sallust; Cicero; Cooper's Virgil; Andrews' Lexicon.

Greek.—Kuhner's and Sophocles' Elementary Grammar; Kendrick's Ollendorff; Anthon's Reader; Xenophon; Anthon's Homer; Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.

French.—Ollendorff's Grammar; Fasquelle's French Course; Vie de Washington; Charles XII; Corinne; Spiers and Surenné's Dictionary.

RECITATIONS.

All recitations are conducted, so far as the nature of the subject admits, without relying on the views of authors. Scholars often learn much, yet know but little. They should be induced to communicate their thoughts upon given principles—to tell what they know; they should be led to seek for reasons rather than to depend upon the absolute *dicta* of authors. This method of teaching, it is believed, is the correct one—the only one that leads to independent thought.

Rhetorical instruction in connection with the exercises of Composition and Declamation, is given at stated periods during the term.

LECTURES AND EXAMINATIONS.

Lectures are occasionally given by the Principal upon subjects more immediately connected with the practical studies of the students, to awaken their minds to new thought, renew activity and increase a love of study.

Public addresses, also, are frequently delivered by literary gentlemen, who feel a deep interest in the subject of Education.

Public Examinations, rigorously conducted, are made at the close of each term; at which the patrons and friends of the Institution are requested to be present.

VACATIONS.

The month of August and the week at the close of each Term.

EXPENSES.

TUITION, PER TERM OF ELEVEN WEEKS :

Common English Branches...	\$2.50
Higher Commercial Branches, and Classics...	3.00
French (extra)...	1.00
Music...	8.00
Drawing and painting in water colors, each...	2.00
Monochromatic...	3.00
Polychromatic and Crayoning, each...	4.00

Board, including room, fuel, etc., \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week. Rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates by those preferring to board themselves.

REMARKS.

The Stanbridge Academy, situated in one of the most healthy and pleasant villages of the Eastern Townships, affords all advantages desirable in such an institution.

The institution is wholly under the control of lay directors.

The government and discipline of the school are non-sectarian, yet the morals of the students are strictly guarded. The relation of teacher to scholar, partakes more of a parental than an arbitrary character. The daily attendance at recitation, application and obedience of the student are secured more through awakened interest than compulsory means. Advancement from class to class—from a lower to a higher study, is dependent upon a thorough comprehension of previous studies.

In fine: It is the aim of the teachers of the Stanbridge Academy to make the course of instruction as thoroughly practical in all its departments as possible; as well to induce in the scholar a desire to study, as to create habits of correct and independent thought. They do not propose to teach everything, but to teach the scholar well what they undertake. They ask no other indulgence than a fair trial, by which they hope to merit a due proportion of public support.

REFERENCE :

OUR PATRONS.

CHAPTER IV

THE MODEL SCHOOL.

THE change from a school regulated by an independent Association, although assisted by a Government grant, to one wholly under Government control, was not decided upon and consummated without much earnest and careful consideration. The meeting of trustees, which took place on the 20th of September, 1885, was the last to be held by the Board of Trustees of the Stanbridge Academy Association. The last entry in the old Minute Book mentions the Rev. Samuel Jackson, successor in office to Mr. Frederick Pierce, Trustee. When there was no son to succeed one of those honored men, who had so long devoted themselves to the Academy, his mantle usually fell upon a son-in-law. So it was with Mr. Jackson who took up the work in a characteristic manner. He was a man who kept up with the times, a man of action, of ardent enthusiasm and generous impulse; he put these qualities into service for education and for Stanbridge; under his leadership, the old Academy school was brought into the new system.

The first step to be taken was the division of the school municipality of St. Damien de Stanbridge, and the establishing of a new one entitled "The Municipality of Stanbridge East," in which the model school was to be located. The successive steps of the transaction by which the important change was effected are noted in the new Minute Book. The first entries are two letters from the Department of Public Instruction, the contents of which are embodied in the following declaration:—

‘Stanbridge, 27th December, 1887.

“Know all men by these records, that his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, was pleased, by an order in Council, passed on the 5th of December, 1887, in the City of Quebec, and published later in the Official Gazette, to detach lots one and fourteen, inclusive, of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th ranges of lots in the Township of Stanbridge, from the School Municipality of St. Damien de Stanbridge, County of Missisquoi, and to erect them into a separate school municipality, under the name of Stanbridge East; and that on the 16th of December, 1887, his Excellency, by an order in Council appointed Oscar Reed Anderson, Edward H. Eaton, Lewis J. Irish, Mervin D. Corey and Charles E. Blinn, school commissioners of said municipality.”

A meeting was called, O. R. Anderson being convener, and Rev. Samuel Jackson, secretary, to organize a Board, and for other purposes. At this meeting, O. R. Anderson and Rev. Samuel Jackson were elected to fill the above mentioned offices of convener and secretary-treasurer, until the usual meeting. Mr. Anderson resigning soon after, Mervin D. Corey was appointed convener.

At this meeting, much important work was transacted, perhaps the most important being the establishment and naming of the five districts of the new municipality, viz.: Blinn's No. 1, Stanbridge Village No. 2, Riceburg No. 3, Corey's No. 4, Stanbridge Ridge No. 5. These henceforth constituted the municipality of Stanbridge East.

At the next meeting, held 7th January, 1888, the secretary read a letter from the Superintendent of Public Instruction reminding the Board of the agreement signed by the ratepayers, asking for the erection

of the Municipality of Stanbridge East, and promising "to recommend the Government Grant to be made for the current year, provided a model school is at once established and put in operation."

This was done. The school was to be held and conducted in the upper room of the public school building, known as Stanbridge Academy, this room to belong to the whole municipality, for which it will be responsible. "But District No. 2 was to have complete control of the lower rooms."

Two Commissioners were at once appointed to engage a model school teacher; and Mr. Homer M. Rowel was appointed to the position for the scholastic year, 1888-89, his sister, Miss Harriet Rowel, being his assistant. As the trustees of Stanbridge Academy were wise and fortunate in the selection of their first Principal, so were the commissioners of the new municipality in securing the services of Mr. Rowell, who, though young, had been principal of Bedford Academy and proved to be an efficient and thorough teacher. He was the son of Dr. E. Rowell, and grandson of our noble old trustee, Mr. N. M. Blinn, a young man of promise, greatly respected and loved. Unfortunately, illness caused him to abandon his work before the close of the year, and his death followed. He was deeply mourned, not only in his own home, but by all who had known him as teacher and friend.

In this year, 1888-89, on retirement of Rev. Samuel Jackson, Mr. William O'Dell was appointed secretary-treasurer of the municipality, which office he held continuously until 1897, faithfully and efficiently discharging all its duties. Mr. Jackson's withdrawal from office was marked by the following address from the Commissioners:—

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"As school commissioners of this municipality, we cannot allow you to retire from the responsible position you have occupied with so much ability, and receiving no pecuniary compensation, without expressing our sense of the obligation under which you have placed us individually, and as a municipality, by your persistent efforts, untiring zeal and self-sacrificing labors in behalf of education in our midst.

"You came to our aid at a critical moment; you took the principalship of the Academy without salary, devoting much time and money to the welfare and progress of the school. Through your efforts, mainly, the present municipality has been erected, and the Model School established on a firm foundation of municipal support.

"From our knowledge of your connection with various Theological and other educational institutions of the Methodist body, to each of which you have largely contributed, we are assured that no mere selfish consideration has led to the interest you have taken in our school. Your acts are evidently a passing tribute to the great cause of general education; and we hope that you may be permitted to see your highest hopes realized in the final and complete success of the Stanbridge East Model School."

To which Mr. Jackson replied:—

"To the School Commissioners of Stanbridge East,

"Gentlemen:—

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your nicely-worded and highly complimentary address, and though your language is rather strong in commendation,

yet your conclusion expresses nothing but the truth. My only object, from the beginning, has been to advance the interests of general education. For this I labored in the former municipality of St. Damien, as a Commissioner, and for this alone have I done all the work of the past four or five years.

"I have the honor to be connected with the several schools to which you allude, and I consider it no less an honor to stand associated with this one also,—a school whose record contains the names of the most successful and talented men that to-day adorn the Bar, the Pulpit and the Legislative Halls.

"I heartily join in the wishes expressed in your address that I may realize my highest hopes in seeing the final and complete success of Stanbridge East Model School."

At a meeting on June 16th, 1888, commissioners were appointed to settle the accounts between the municipalities of St. Damien de Stanbridge and Stanbridge East.

The old district school-house and the land upon which it stood, had been sold, and a transfer made to Mr. Marcellus Carter, 11th December, 1886, and the elementary school moved to the Academy Building. The land upon which the district school-house was built had been donated for that purpose by Mr. Robert Burley, at the same time the remaining parcel of land, upon the same lot, was donated for church purposes, and upon it St. James' Church and rectory now stand.

At a meeting held July 15th, 1889, a petition from the people was presented, expressing emphatically their determination that no retrograde steps should be permitted in reference to the Model School, no inferior teacher employed, and no deductions made from the amount appropriated, etc. Once more Stanbridge was

in earnest. It was as though a message had been received from the Fathers: "GO FORWARD!"

During the year 1890, the principal was Mr. Thomas Townsend, whose services were highly appreciated and commended by the commissioners.

This year was made notable by the advent of Miss Jessie Corey as teacher of the Elementary School, a position which she has since held continuously, each year finding her more firmly fixed in the respect and admiration of the community. Fortunate are the children who come under her influence, which has been distinctly refining and elevating among all the young people of Stanbridge East. She was the first to teach patriotism in a practical way, making it a part of every day's work, thus building it in with the child's character.

Miss Corey is the daughter of Mr. John Corey, Jr., one of the best-loved young men of Stanbridge East, and her mother, as Orcelia Gordon, was one of the best students at the Academy. They resided for some years in St. Albans, Vermont, but after the death of her husband, Mrs. Corey with her two young children returned to the Stanbridge home, the pleasant old Gordon place, which has been improved and beautified in recent years, and is now known as Gordon Terrace.

The teacher preceding Miss Corey in this department in the Academy building, was Miss Lucy Earle, now Mrs. Ernest Baker, of Stanbridge East. She is mentioned as a "fine girl and a good teacher." Assistants of Miss Corey have been, Miss Lillian Tucker in 1897, Miss Kate Scagel in 1906, Miss Minnie Beattie in 1907, Miss Bernice Blinn in 1908, and Miss Colleen Anderson in 1909.

Returning to the principals of the Model School:—Mr. Townsend was succeeded in 1891 by W. D.

Armitage, who remained two years. Mr. Armitage was a most successful teacher; he continued in that vocation for several years, then entered the Diocesan Theological College in Montreal, and is now a clergyman of this diocese.

Mr. Armitage was succeeded by Mr. George D. Fuller, who remained in charge during the scholastic year of 1893-94, when he left Stanbridge to continue his studies. He received his bachelor's degree from McGill University, and was the one representative teacher of Quebec Province chosen for the special work of Nature Study; he was one of the band who received the excellent opportunities provided by the munificence and patriotism of Sir Wm. McDonald. He studied at the Universities of Chicago, Cornell and Columbia. Returning to Quebec, he introduced the new methods, bringing Nature Study into prominence. He is now Professor of Biology at Chicago University.

In 1895 and 1896, the Principal was Mr. Nelson C. Davis, afterward B.A., graduated from Bishops College, Lennoxville, an excellent teacher. He is now Principal of Bedford Academy, where he has taught successfully for several years. During his period at Stanbridge, February 23rd, 1895, the library of "the late" Y. M. C. A. was formally presented to the Model School. It consisted of two hundred volumes and was a very valuable acquisition to the school library.

In 1897 and 1898 the Principal was Mr. F. C. Banfil. He was afterward graduated B.A. from Bishop's College, where he also taught in the Boys School. Mr. Banfil was a fine teacher, much loved by his pupils, and of a bright and cheerful personality that won the friendship of all. But illness overshadowed his bright spirits and his life ended sadly. His death occurred

in Granby. He had taken charge of the Academy, and as he had not fully recovered from his long illness, the result was fatal. He had recently married, and the grief of his young wife and of his widowed and now childless mother awoke deep sympathy.

In 1900, according to instructions issued to all the schools of the Province, a part of the equipment grant for the year was spent in providing and erecting a Dominion flag and staff, thus giving a splendid impetus to the development of a national spirit.

From 1898 to 1901, inclusive, the Model School was in charge of Mr. A. J. Bedee, assisted by Mrs. Bedee (Miss Rowell). Mr. Bedee was a capable and experienced teacher, but at this time he was in failing health. He afterward taught at Clarenceville, but was obliged to abandon his work and soon after died at Mrs. Emily Rowell's, in Frelighsburg.

Succeeding teachers were Miss Janette Anderson, daughter of O. R. Anderson, in 1902, Miss A. J. Phelps in 1903 and 1904, Miss Ada Ellison, B.A., 1905-1906, and Miss Jessie Eckhardt, B.A., in 1907; all were successful teachers. Miss Phelps, very thorough and efficient, was for several years associated with Mr. Butler in Bedford Academy.

Miss Ellison, a McGill graduate, was very popular; the school flourished under her tuition. She gave much credit to Miss Phelps for her thorough training of the pupils during the two previous years. Miss Eckhardt was also graduated from McGill, of bright and interesting personality and a good teacher.

The present teacher is Miss Bernice Reynolds, a brilliant student at Dunham Ladies' College, and later at McDonald. She has already won laurels as a teacher.

From time to time, additions are made to the school

library, and equipment for teaching, according to the new methods recommended by the Protestant Board of Public Instruction. A recent grant of fifty dollars was received for furniture and embellishment of grounds. The rooms have been much improved since early days, and additional trees, vines and flower plants have been added to the grounds. When these vines are growing in profusion and climbing around the windows and the porch (when the munificence of the P. B. P. I., or some public spirited citizen provides one), the dear old "Knowledge Box" will be a thing of beauty. The adornment will be the outward sign of its inward and intellectual grace; and the children who are taught to love and care for it all, will receive its benediction. Arbor Day as well as Empire Day has its beneficent influence.

Empire Day, celebrated on the 23rd of May, has now become a feature of Canadian education. It was established some twelve years ago for the purpose of inculcating patriotism. Mrs. C. Fessenden, of Hamilton, Ontario, has the honor of having introduced it. The Stanbridge East School, under the management of Miss Corey, was the first to celebrate the day in the Province of Quebec. It was intended to change the date to the 24th, in honor of our late beloved Queen, but as King Edward, with the same intention, chose it for the observance of his own birthday, Empire Day has continued to be celebrated on the 23rd; and so the children have two holidays instead of one, the impossible "two Sundays come together."

The exercises are of a patriotic character, songs, recitation and drills; the history of the flag, and so on; and always an address to the children, for them a splendid day, and good for all. Its central thought

appeals to our sense of magnitude and magnificence; it awakens a sense of nationalism in place of provincialism. It broadens our outlook in other than political ways. Whatever its significance in the Dominion of Canada (itself a possible Empire), so long as our children are surrounded by an atmosphere of patriotism, there will be no lack of loyal Canadians to laud our "Canada, fair Canada," and to sing with heart and voice "The Maple Leaf For ever!"

This popular song, written in Victoria's reign, still voices the sentiments of the time. It goes with a "swing," its sentiments of patriotism and fraternity can be responded to by all, and its refrain the children love.

With this broadening of sentiment and forming of loftier ideals, we must take into account the influence of the fraternal relations that have so long existed, unacknowledged, perhaps, between the United States and Canada. Whatever the political restrictions and tariff obstructions, there has been a very real reciprocity of another kind across that line marked out by iron posts—may it never need more active sentinels! In pioneer days our industries were advanced by mechanics and mechanism from the States, as well as by their capitalists. Then came the teachers; the finest and best of our early teachers, especially in the academies, for a number of years, came from Vermont University, and there our young men received their collegiate education, until the establishment of our own universities. But soon we were sending teachers to the States, professors and presidents for their universities, beginning with that of Vermont. President Matthew Henry Buckham who entered the University a student from Bedford. To-day, many eminent clergymen in the States are Canadians, educated in our Universities,

notably the hero of Alaska, Bishop Peter Rowe. There is a constant interchange of students between Canadian and (absurd distinction) "American" Universities, which cannot fail to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and promote good understanding between the two countries whose interests are so interwoven.

In the industries, also, in every branch, Canadian talent has taken leading places, finding, indeed, a recognition and encouragement that has been—not denied, but lacking at home. National development, however, in disclosing our splendid resources, will furnish opportunities for all. By this we do not mean to predict, or hope for, the abandonment of that friendly reciprocity which has been of such benefit to both countries, but only the removal of unmerited reproach from our own.

The late Dr. Edward Krans, one of our own Missisquoi boys, said in the course of a witty and patriotic speech before the Canadian Club in New York, in 1897, referring to arbitration:—

"The past year has witnessed the utter triumph of good feeling between two countries represented by two flags. We have come to know that there need be no bloody war in the future. Of course, there will always be disagreements between cousins and brothers; they may henceforth be settled by agreement and reason. *As Canadians and Americans, we ought to go down the avenue of the coming years, arm in arm.*"

In this cult of international friendship, Missisquoi, as a border county, is largely concerned. "Loyal old Missisquoi," was an old-time political catch-word. May we keep that reputation, not in politics alone, but in all that relates to real and noble progress.





DR. ROTUS PARMELEE.

CHAPTER V

DR. ROTUS PARMELEE

FIRST GOVERNMENT SCHOOL INSPECTOR FOR THE DISTRICT OF BEDFORD, QUEBEC.

ONE of the best known, best loved pioneers of the Eastern Townships was Dr. Parmelee, by reason of his early years as a physician and academy teacher in Stanstead County, and finally as inspector of schools in the District of Bedford, throughout a long period, during which he became a familiar personage in every village and neighborhood of the District. Like a majority of our first settlers of note, he came from New England. He was born at Fairfax, Vermont, April 1st, 1802. Notwithstanding nature's pleasantry in introducing him to the world on that date, he was not a joke. He was an important gift to the future. Students of American History will be able to picture the environment in which Rotus Parmelee grew to manhood. It was pioneer life among a sturdy and heroic people, and, therefore, a progressive people. While yet an independent Republic, shut out from the Union by selfishness of surrounding States, Vermont furnished a fine example of educational progress. The support of public schools was provided for in the Constitution, County Grammar Schools were encouraged, and a university recommended.

The University of Vermont was founded in 1800 and liberally endowed by private subscriptions. There, as

the culmination of dreams, hopes and strenuous effort, young Parmelee's "liberal education" was begun. Teaching from time to time to obtain the required funds he was finally graduated about the year 1826, at twenty-four years of age. There was a large family of Parmelees in Vermont. Several of them were graduates of the University and became men of note in various professions. Dr. Simon Gilbert writes of them in an interesting manner, especially that branch residing in Pittsford.

Soon after his graduation from the University, Rotus Parmelee came to Canada and became once more a pioneer. He was engaged as Principal of the Academy at Hatley, in Stanstead County. While there, he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Weston, a physician of note in that part of the country, attending lectures at Montreal and Quebec, and in due time, obtaining his diploma.

In 1829 he married Sarah M., eldest daughter of William Grannis, Esq., of Hatley. She died in 1834. His second marriage was with Sarah H., daughter of Judge Luke Knowlton, of Stukely, Que., and widow of D. W. Sanborn, Esq., of Newfane, Vermont.

In 1829, Dr. Parmelee settled in Waterloo, where he continued to reside until 1869, a few months before his death.

He devoted himself to the practice of his profession in that new country with the ardor, courage and ability that was characteristic of his whole successful career, until, in 1852, he received his Government appointment. At that period there was but one inspector for all grades. Under Dr. Parmelee's charge were about three hundred common schools, beside the several academies and other superior schools, which he visited semi-

annually. Here again was pioneer work. A poor school law means a poor class of schools. A low standard of requirements and insufficient pay, did not produce first-class teachers in the common schools of the District of Bedford. The Academies at this time were beginning to improve; and under the inspector's wise and earnest endeavors, united to that of a few other educationists, a better system was provided. He lived to see the reward of his labors and devotion in the almost surprising improvement in every department of education. He was one of the promoters of the District of Bedford Association of Teachers, and its president for one or two terms; and he left upon that, as upon all his other work the impress of his strong intellect and practical wisdom. But there was a physical limit to his wonderful endurance; his health failed. He had already relinquished his office of magistrate in which he had shown the same high qualities that characterized every duty undertaken by him. He sought relief and rest in travel, his tour extending through California to Oregon, and the home of his only daughter, the wife of Prof. Joseph Marsh, of Pacific University. He was so much pleased with Oregon, that he determined to make it his home.

Returning to Canada, he made a farewell tour among his schools, reviewing, as it were, the great work of his life, saying his last words of praise and encouragement, or reproof, if that were needed; for he was a firm disciplinarian. But one can imagine with what tenderness the good old man bade them all adieu. It was a startling announcement that there were to be no more visits from Dr. Parmelee, nor even any more Dr. Parmelee in Canada. It was like the demolishing of an institution. But it was soon to be more than a farewell to

Canada; for a few months later, on the 27th of May, 1870, at his daughter's home, Forest Grove, Oregon, he bade adieu to the world in which he had lived for nearly sixty-nine years, and which was truly better for his citizenship.

Dr. Parmelee had a fine personality, dignified, genial, and courteous in the main, yet on occasion he would break out with the brusque directness of the old-fashioned pioneer speech. Young teachers were apt to be a little afraid of him at first; as he came into the school-room, he seemed to tower aloft, a mighty personage; and then his beaming smile would reassure her, and as he looked around at the rows of responsive pupils, the atmosphere would seem to be filled with smiles. He was fine! And we can but lament him still, after all these years.

For the notes furnished for this biography, we have to thank Mr. J. P. Noyes, and Mr. W. G. Parmelee, of Ottawa, to whom we are also indebted for the fine portrait of his father, given here.

John F. Gilbert.

Miss P. Sheldon.



Miss Harriet Curtis.

N. P. Gilbert.

Lucretia Gilbert.

GROUP OF FIRST TEACHERS.

CHAPTER VI

OUR PRECEPTORS.

REV. NATHANIEL P. GILBERT.

IN early Academy days our Principal was "the Preceptor." To our thinking it had a fine, classical sound; it still holds the charm of delightful associations, and we retain it in these Memoirs, as a bridge across the gulf that separates the former time from this.

"Preceptor Gilbert! Yes, that does sound like old Stanbridge," wrote Dr. Simeon Gilbert, on being so addressed. He had crossed the bridge. We use the title, also, to distinguish the first three principals of Stanbridge Academy, as belonging to that period of the school with whose reminiscences the present writers are more especially concerned, being personally familiar with that period. The preceptors were Nathaniel P. Gilbert, Simeon Gilbert and Hobart Butler.

The Gilbert Brothers came from Pittsford, Vermont, members of an exceptionally interesting family, of distinguished antecedents and connections. Their father, "Deacon" Simeon Gilbert, was a man of fine character and noted among the abolitionists of that day. Mrs. Gilbert was Miss Margaret Ingersoll, sister of Rev. Mr. Ingersoll, the father of Robert Ingersoll. She was a woman of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments. In a work published several years ago, giving the history of the International Sunday School Lesson System, Dr. Simeon Gilbert pays

a tribute to his mother, which reveals the dominating influence in the Gilbert family.

"If I may be allowed to say it, and I speak not merely with a touch of filial pride, but in soberness of judgment, my mother, who taught the adult Bible class for women in her church for over fifty years, shaping the intellectual and religious characteristics of two generations, and visibly affecting the character of the whole community, was wont to open the Scriptures to her class with a clearer insight into the scheme of the great redemptive revelation, with a more masterly grasp and power of lucid explanation of God's own lesson-system, running through the ages, than I have ever known elsewhere, in Sunday School or out of it."

No materialism in this woman's family! How would it have been with Robert Ingersoll, if she had been his teacher in early years? If we rightly read her pictured face, there was not only a force but a sweetness in her character that must have appealed to him winningly where, perhaps, the sternness of Puritan discipline repelled.

In the Gilbert family there were seven sons and two daughters who grew up and became distinguished in their respective vocations.

About fifteen miles from Pittsford, at Castleton, an old historic town of Revolutionary note and later times noted for its Medical College, was a famous Academy known as Castleton Seminary. There, six of the Gilbert brothers went, with their two sisters, to be fitted for college. They had an apartment in their uncle's home, kept house, had a horse and carriage and drove to school. There were cousins, too, in that home (the Boardman family, some of whom have become eminent as Doctors of Divinity, College presidents, and so

on), there must have been gay times among them all. We can imagine the party of boys and girls setting out for the Academy in the morning. Would there had been *Kodaks* in those days! In the old-time academies, Dr. Gilbert says, immortally consequential things were likely to happen, and Castleton was no exception.

From the Academy, five of the brothers went together to the University of Vermont, two in one class and three in another—two younger ones entering later—Mr. Nathaniel Gilbert graduating in 1854, became principal of Stanstead Academy, and in the fall of 1855 he came to Stanbridge, our Academy opening on the first Monday of September. O, but Stanbridge was proud that day! It had achieved a worthy ambition; it had become an Academy Town.

Most of the pupils had known only district schools with their long succession of first-days; for seldom did the rule—and the “ruler”—of one teacher extend over an entire year. Here all was new and pleasant. There were no hallowed associations, but we were going to make them. Upon the teachers we looked with curious interest and admiration. They were from the States! Daudet speaks of the “mysterious charm of things that come from afar.” The Gilberts had for us this *charme mystérieuse* with an added something in speech and manner, and perhaps in dress, which, though we could not have named it, impressed us pleasantly. It was the charm of culture, of good breeding and of the higher education, which everywhere gives distinction to its possessor.

It is difficult to recall a personality with distinctness when fifty years of separation have combined to blur the impress made upon youthful minds, too youthful, for the most part to recognize and appreciate its finer

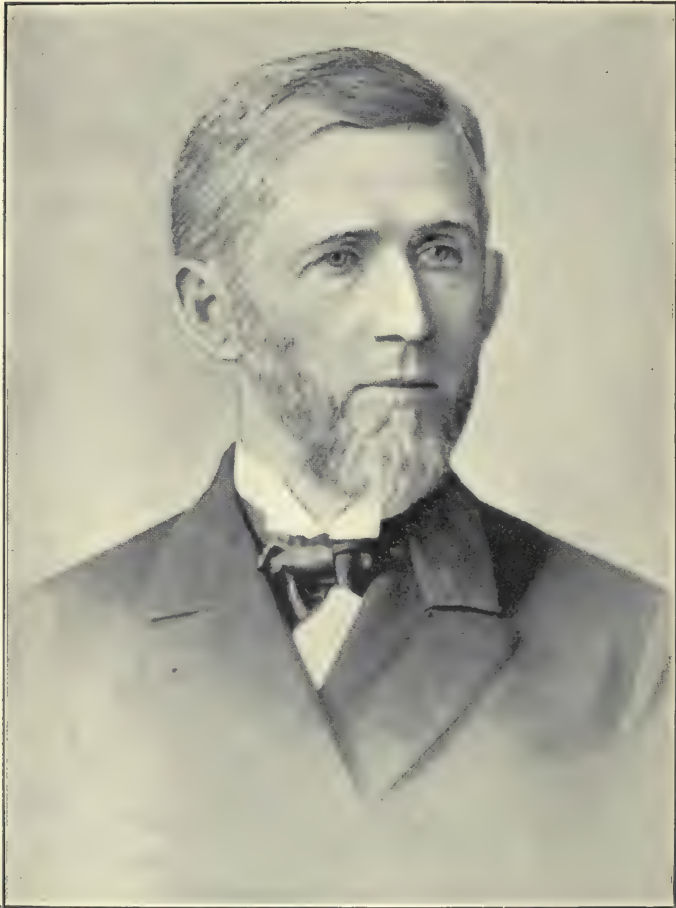
characteristics. But, that Nathaniel Gilbert was fine, we all knew. Dignified, yet gentle, sensitive, yet firm; he led his pupils quietly to higher regions of thought. His influence was, in all ways distinctly elevating, not only in the school but in the surrounding community. "We all loved him," says one of those first-year pupils. "The younger scholars would run to meet him and cling to his hand,—as children will always do with a teacher they love, and of whom they are not afraid."

Our dear "first preceptor" cannot speak to us from his far land (is it far?) to tell us how it was with *him*, but surely, he knew himself beloved and honored by all who had the privilege of knowing him. His brother speaks for him thus:—

"I am inclined to think that one of the very happiest years of his life was the one spent in Stanbridge. The Academy was in the midst of a splendid group of families to whom education meant a great deal. Between teachers and pupils there quickly grew to be a beautiful reciprocity of esteem. No wonder the year was to so memorable a degree enjoyed. I am sure the hidden and unfading memory of it must have brightened and heartened him to the end."

At the close of the year, Mr. Gilbert left Stanbridge to enter upon a course of Theology at the Congregational Seminary of Andover, Mass. After completing the three years' course, he took up his mission work. The field of his choice was Chili, South America.

At that time, there was, among North Americans, a renewal of interest in the "little sea-side republic" that stands out so splendidly among the countries of the Southern Continent. It has been called the New England of South America. In 1820 there were three thousand Americans living in Santiago, "leaders in



REV. DR. SIMEON GILBERT.

every enterprise"; steamship and railroad lines were built; mercantile houses and a university were established; Chili took on the aspect of a sane and thrifty Republic. To this interesting field, in 1860, came the Rev. Nathaniel Gilbert with his wife Mary, daughter of Dr. Perkins, for many years president of Castleton Medical College. Here was one of those "immortally consequential" happenings.

One can understand the enthusiasm with which Mr. Gilbert entered upon his work. Heretofore the country had been wholly under the tutelage of the Roman Catholic Church, whose missionaries came in with the Spanish invaders long years before. With the influx of American and other Protestants, there naturally came a call for Protestant Missionaries. If Mr. Gilbert was not the first to respond, he was at least the first to effect any organization, such as the first Protestant (Congregational) Church in Santiago. He also established a school, teaching, at first, in his own house; this on Mr. Gilbert's departure from Chili, was taken up by the Methodists who, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, developed a splendid institution. But the sower of the good seed was Nathaniel Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert, in the interests of his work and of the country in general, gave lectures in all parts of New England on political and religious conditions in South America, particularly in Chili and Peru, and also contributed to the press a series of interesting and influential letters.

Of his domestic history we know its saddest occurrence, the death of his wife, while their five daughters were still young. One after another, the young girls were taken into the home of their father's sister, Mrs. (General) Thorndyke, of Pittsford, and their education

provided for. Mr. Gilbert, returning to Vermont, continued his work for a few years, until his death in 1876, greatly respected and loved by all who knew him. His transparent simplicity, his perfect sincerity, his gentleness, and under all this his strength of character, gave impressiveness to all that he said and did. For us, his name is linked with the fond associations of our first Academy year, a synonym for all that is lovable, honorable and fine.

REV. SIMEON GILBERT, D.D.

In the second year of the Academy, Nathaniel Gilbert was succeeded by his brother Simeon, who was graduated from Vermont University in 1854; he was then twenty years of age.

"After teaching one year in Barre Academy, Vermont, and spending one year in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Mass.," says Dr. Gilbert, "I proposed to my brother that he come to Andover, and I would take his place at Stanbridge," for I thought it time for him to begin his preparations for the ministry, as he had always intended. My sister (Lucretia) consented to come with me, and Miss Sheldon to accompany her—and you know the rest."

In personality and in method as a teacher, Simeon Gilbert was, naturally, considering their co-education, much like his brother Nathaniel. He had the same fineness and firmness of character, the same well-bred courtesy of manner; but while possessed of like characteristics, he was by no means a duplicate; he had a well-defined individuality. It seemed to us that he had rather more sternness of manner in the school-room; it came, no doubt, from his intense earnestness and

quick decision; perhaps it hid a little shyness, for he was young to be a preceptor where there were students of his own age. Dignity was *de rigueur*. A lady, who knew him well at this period, says:—"Simeon was pure-hearted, of romantic temperament, and fond of poetry."

As with the preceding year, it is difficult to recall many of its incidents, those, at least, which seem worthy of being recorded here.

"For Memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain"

but here and there a reminiscence comes to light, bringing with it a vision of that old school-room, which then was new, in which some forms and faces stand out clear and bright, while the rest are dim and uncertain, like stars that cluster too closely in the sky to be distinguishable.

At the close of the year, Mr. Gilbert returned to Andover. Once more the brothers were students together, and together they completed the course, as they had planned.

Meanwhile, although we were, after many years, to come again into communion with them, personally the Gilberts had passed out of our lives, some of them forever—so far as this life reaches.

As we have since learned, Dr. Gilbert, having entered the ministry of the Congregational Church, continued in that work for several years, receiving his degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater, and also from Beloit College, Wisconsin. In 1864 he married Miss Celia Culver, of Hopkinton, N.Y. They have one daughter—"One of the best of wives; and a daughter for love and pride," says Dr. Gilbert.

Though successful in his early work, Dr. Gilbert found his real vocation in the field of religious jour-

nalism. In 1871 he became one of the editors of "The Advance," the leading journal of the Congregational Church, published in Chicago. It was just after the great fire, and Dr. Gilbert's work was, at first, that of reconstruction. How well he succeeded, was told in part by Dr. William Gray, a Presbyterian journalist, when, twenty-four years later, Dr. Gilbert retired from the editorship of "The Advance."

"The result," said Dr. Gray, alluding to the first appearance after the fire of the reconstructed "Advance," "was an issue of that paper which was regarded by myself and others as one of the finest specimens of religious journalism ever produced in this country."

That this work did not deteriorate is shown by further remarks of Dr. Gray:

"I have read Dr. Gilbert's work for twenty-four years past, and have often heard papers read by him before various associations, and I regard him as one of the most fresh and original writers of the religious press."

Many were the expressions of appreciation for his work, and regret for his withdrawal from a position which he had occupied for so many years with distinguished ability. The "Inter-Ocean," the well-known daily of Chicago, published, in a series of interviews, many such tributes from his contemporaries of the press and other men of note, giving their appreciation of him, not only as a successful editor but as "a man of broad culture, scholarly attainments and admirable literary taste,—a splendid representative of the new age in religious journalism," etc. They dwelt upon his breadth of mind and character, "his sweet and wholesome Christian spirit in his dealings with other denominations," his "broad and inclusive charity which

endears him to all his associates." One whose name is identified with large educational benefactions, a giver of millions, Dr. D. K. Pearsons spoke of him as "The enthusiastic friend of the Colleges and the Universities of the West." "Dr. Gilbert," he said, "has shown a rare devotion to this cause, and his own deep interest has been widely contagious; the cordiality of his companionship can, indeed, ill be spared."

"They were over kind," says Dr. Gilbert; but if so, there was a wonderful unanimity in their over-kindness; and the same enthusiastic praise comes to the writer to-day from personal friends who have long known him. Had it not been for these friends, but little would we have known of these qualities and of the beneficent activities that have filled his life; for, of himself, he does not tell.

While still connected with "The Advance," Dr. Gilbert also was distinguished for his work in the "Congresses of Religions" and the "World's Parliament of Religions," held in connection with the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Dr. Gilbert's journalistic work did not cease when he left the editorial chair. Being a "born editor," he did not really need a "chair;" he could write and direct, from any point of vantage. He has contributed freely, and continues to contribute to the press in general, on all important "live" topics of the day. These miscellanies would make an interesting volume. His book reviews are bright and discriminating; he had the reputation, formerly, of being "a rather merciless critic, from a literary point of view," but at least he is not caustic, nor cynical, and he knows how to commend. He excels in character drawing, having insight by which he distinguishes those finer traits of a character

that are not always apparent to ordinary vision, and a skill in delineation by which he puts all before us in their true proportion. If it is a noble character, its nobility stands out in clear relief; if ignoble, that "broad inclusive charity" finds the point at which it has been warped and turned aside by some force of circumstance, environment, or heredity; and while not seeming to point a moral, shows us how to pity while we condemn. His tribute to the late Dr. Harper, president of Chicago University, is an interpretation of a great character; it goes beyond character drawing and records a great purpose. Dr. Gilbert was the personal friend of the great educator, and he wrote of him, not only in sympathy with the trend of his genius, but from the heart. We give it here in part; it is of educational interest as well as an illustration of our own teacher's way of thought:

"To say that President Harper conceived, founded, organized and built up one of the world's great universities, immense as that achievement seems, is only to begin to indicate what he has actually done toward bringing to pass a veritable commonwealth of scholarship, the true republic of education, inclusive of all races, all conditions, all languages. It was as impossible for Dr. Harper to be in any way narrow and provincial, as it was for Cecil Rhodes not to cherish imperialistic dreams and 'think in continents.' And the act of Rhodes in the devotion of his millions to the internationalizing of scholarship and culture at Oxford, was in perfect keeping with the inspired vision and mighty intent of President Harper, who, though he had vast dreams, was no vagrant dreamer, only a 'practical mystic.' The past strangely fascinated him; so did the future, so, also, did his thought for all the

world. Beginning with an absorbing passion for ancient scholarship, it soon became evident that one could not tell whether he was most possessed by the historic spirit or the prophetic spirit, or the out-reach in philanthropic impulse. To speak of him as 'the late President Harper' seems quite out of place. His genius, alike winsome and dominating in the wide world's field of education, is still presiding, animating, and, reverently it may be said, still marching on. His remark that he would like to be a part of the University a hundred years from now, was but an extension in time of the scope of his ever dominating imagination, and his impulse toward the whole realm of educational activities at home and abroad. So, also, his interest in the primary, or kindergarten, teaching, and in that of the elementary public school, was exactly the same as in the work of the graduate, the post-graduate, and the professional school."

Dr. Gilbert's treatment of the sociological questions of the day have, say his reviewers, been characterized by "extensive knowledge, breadth, courage and conservatism." In "Songs of Labor," a paper contributed a few years since to "The Commons," a Chicago Magazine devoted to Labor and the Charities, he shows his conservatism, and also his deep sympathy with Labor. He writes of the "songlessness" of Labor Assemblies, that is, the lack of any great uplifting song, to whose melody the ranks could march on, rejoicing.

"The dry intellect at top of the head is not all there is to a man. Any large movement involving the moral convictions and sentiments, and social instincts of a people, and that wants the support of popular enthusiasm, must appeal to men on more than one side of their nature.

"As to the kind of song wanted, it is not merely a question of poetic or other literary merit, but of fitness. A true song for the hour expresses the thought of the hour and the sentiment which belongs with the thought. Always, indeed, there have been hum-drum songs and melodies for the toilers, rhythmic modulations of voice and tone, fitted to chord with and ease somewhat the dreary drudgery to which their lives were bound. At least the dull, sore heart of labor finds some relief in this. At the best, that is, when the songs that sing themselves in their hearts are best, are noblest in meaning and music, the effect is inspiration. It transforms and re-creates; it lifts toil out of drudgery; it puts the weary and heavy-laden into companionship with the noble of the earth; it widens the work-shop into the horizon of the world. Above the low-roofed limitations of squalid cares, it opens, to all alike, the mighty vistas and perspective of more than selfish, of more than earthly hopes. How many a time has a deathly despair been broken by a song!"

It has been said of a certain great writer that he was wanting in that deep sympathy with human nature which is the true source of grace of language, as it is of tenderness of thought. In all Dr. Gilbert's writing, but especially in his later work, this grace of language is noticeable. As we advance in years, and in knowledge of the burdens of the great world-family, and thinner grows the veil that separates this world from that toward which we journey, so that at times we glimpse the peace and beauty of the higher existence, —our sympathy deepens into this tenderness of thought, and loving expression. And so it is with this loved friend of our youth; though not greatly our senior in years, he remains our Teacher. With his clearer vision,

he still leads us toward the light. Long may he dwell in the land, to bless it with his bright courage and his beneficent wisdom !

JOHN INGERSOLL GILBERT.

Youngest of the Gilbert group at Stanbridge, but not less prominent, was John Gilbert, a student of the University of Vermont. He came with his brother Nathaniel, and remained during the winter, with a brief visit the following year; yet such was the impression made by his bright personality, it will, perhaps, surprise some of his old friends to be reminded that the time was so limited. "John," says his brother, "was something of a live wire that winter, in the general warmth of his enthusiasm."

His position in the school and in the community did not impose upon him those restrictions demanded of a principal, especially of a youthful principal, who, more than any other, had to maintain a certain dignity and reserve. John was comrade and fellow-student, as well as teacher. The buoyancy of his fun-loving spirit, his charm of manner, as well as his nobility of character, evident at all times, made him a favorite with young and old. A warm friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Erastus Chandler—who was always attracted by an unusual mind, particularly among the young. Their communion continued through correspondence for some time after Mr. Gilbert's return to the University; but his engrossing studies and other duties of his opening career, led him, like his brothers, out of touch with Stanbridge for many years. Yet we find that Mr. Chandler was not forgotten. The silence of these busy men seems not to have been owing to loss of interest in their Canadian friends, but, rather to their failure to

realize, in their modest self-appraisal, what they had been to those friends, how large a part in their lives they had filled during those two unique years, the glorious first years of an Academy town! Nor was it surprising that they should have misunderstood the reserve of such a community. Their expressions of genuine pleasure, upon finding themselves so well remembered in after years, is, in a way, pathetic. There are so many might-have-beens in life; we make so many graves for love and friendship, and find too late that their sweet influences need not have been lost!

In the autumn of 1904, Mrs. O'Brien, of Saranac Lake, N.Y., formerly Miss Calista O'Dell, and "one of us," came to Stanbridge on a visit to her old home. She mentioned to Mrs. Moore, her former school-mate, as a bit of glad news, that she had met John Gilbert! "He is living in Malone," she said, "is an eminent lawyer and State Senator—a man respected by all." It was indeed glad news; Mrs. Moore lost no time in writing to Mr. Gilbert, soon receiving the following reply:—

"I was deeply interested in your recent letter, it was a happy reminder of an exceptionally pleasant winter in Stanbridge, where my brother Nathaniel was Principal of the Academy. The impression of it as a whole is very distinct, and altogether agreeable. A most wholesome spirit and a high degree of intellectual activity pervaded the school. All that I can recall did credit to the pupils and the community generally, so far as it was connected with the school. For some time after leaving, I corresponded with a Mr. Chandler, who was much my senior, and who probably died many years ago. He lived out of the village, and was, I think, uncle to the Chandler girls who lived in the village. I should be very glad to hear about the pupils whom I then knew.

"My brother Nathaniel was for many years a missionary in Chili, the first Protestant Missionary. He died at his home in Vermont in 1876.

"My sister Lucretia taught Greek, for a time, in Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Poor health compelled her to resign; she continued at irregular intervals to do some teaching, and while suffering, herself, she was a constant and joyful inspiration to all within the range of her wide influence. She died in November, 1898, loved and revered by all who knew her from the humblest to the highest.

"Miss Phœbe Sheldon, who was with her at Stanbridge, became the wife of a Mr. Bailey, cashier of a bank in Fair Haven, Vermont; she died many years ago. I should like to see that fine old "ambrotype" of her which you mention.

"My brother, Simeon, is still living in Chicago. After preaching for a number of years, he became editor of 'The Advance,' our leading Congregational paper, published in Chicago. I think he was recognized as one of the best editorial writers of his day. He continues to do miscellaneous writing, generally, so far as I know, in the way of editorials for the leading papers of Chicago. His only daughter (also only child), graduated from Smith College (Northampton, Mass.), some years ago. He has exerted a wide influence and always for what is best, and in the best sense progressive.

"I have written this much because I judge from your letter that you wish to know all this. Now I would be interested in hearing about the old friends whom I knew in Stanbridge. If there are any left in Stanbridge, beside yourself, who have not forgotten that I was ever there, will you kindly remember me to them."

But the renewed communion was soon broken by Mr. Gilbert's sudden death on the 19th of December following. Some months later, a correspondence was established with Rev. Dr. Simeon Gilbert, which has happily continued and is of rare pleasure, as well as of intellectual benefit, to his former pupils.

From the wealth of tribute, eulogy and biography, which followed the death of John Gilbert, appearing in the leading journals of his State, we are able to trace

his career from that winter spent among us in Stanbridge, to its untimely, but peaceful close. Having graduated from the University of Vermont, in 1859, with a conspicuously brilliant record, he became, the following year, Principal of Royalton Academy, Vermont. In 1861 he went to Malone, New York, as Principal of Franklin Academy, remaining until 1869, when he was admitted to the Bar, and entered upon the practice of law. In 1889 he received, from the University of Vermont, the degree of LL.D. Meanwhile, he had been, for three terms, a member of the New York State Assembly, and for two, State Senator. In 1884 he was delegate at large to the National Republican Convention with George W. Curtis, Theodore Roosevelt and A. D. White, and in 1894, delegate at large to the State Constitutional Convention, doing important work at each of these. In 1898 he was the Republican candidate for Secretary of State.

During all this time, and until his death, he was active in educational matters. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the Northern New York Institution for Deaf Mutes, from the time of its founding, and by his zeal and devotion, contributed greatly to its success.

With all this, he was not too busy to assist in the founding and maintaining of the County Historical Society; in fact, his would be just the sane and broad intellect to realize the importance of a generous support of such work.

In all these varied activities and positions of influence, he was distinguished for his rare ability, his enthusiasm, and his unswerving honesty. "By his purity of life and by the precepts he could so eloquently deliver," says one of his eulogists, "he never failed to work



HOBART BUTLER.

against all that was wrong, indecent and vile." "They talk about temptations at Albany," he once declared; "I never was tempted by anyone. When a man's position is known to be beyond the reach of corruption, there are no more temptations at Albany than there are in a Sunday School."

President Roosevelt, his personal friend, once paid him this splendid tribute:

"I have always thought of you as an embodied conscience, and when I have had important questions before me, I have asked myself whether or not you would approve my decisions and actions, and I have tried to do what you would consider right."

Much is said of his gift of oratory, his power in debate, his pure and classic diction—"like the man, dignified, clear, graceful"—and the beauty of his voice, its unusual purity of tone.

Of his home life, rightly enough, not much is said, for that was something apart from his public career, and sacred to the man, but it seems to have been as nearly ideal as himself. Of his wife, Mrs. Catherine Fessenden Gilbert, and his daughter, Miss Lucia, we are told that "in education, literary accomplishments, and all the questions of home, and church, and State, both Mrs. and Miss Gilbert were in perfect accord with him."

Surely we may be proud that such a man was entered on our list of friends, and rejoice in that last message, coming after the silence of years, but ringing true:

"Tell me of the old friends, if there are any who have not forgotten me, remember me to them."

HOBART BUTLER, M.A.

The last of that trio of teachers in Stanbridge Academy, whom by way of distinction we designate as the preceptors, was Hobart Butler, M.A., and with

that familiar name arise countless happy memories and tender associations. It is almost as though we were writing of a father or an elder brother. And to whom, outside the circle of our own homes, do we owe a larger meed of grateful and affectionate remembrance, than to the earnest and devoted teacher whose relation to us was, for many years, that of guardian, counsellor and friend.

Mr. Butler became so completely identified with our Academy that it is difficult for his early pupils and friends to think of him in any other connection. He belonged to Stanbridge Academy and to us. We undertake with diffidence, the task of delineating his character. We seem unfitted for it by the very facts of our affection for him, and our intimate association with him during so many years. The writer was for some time, with other pupils, an inmate of his home; but all his pupils were, at all times, the objects of his solicitous care and affection. Can we justly and impartially picture the man and the citizen, as well as the teacher and the friend? Lest we err by idealizing him in some respects, and in others, failing to do him justice, we call to our aid one who was his friend and knew him intimately, in all his relations to his fellow citizens; who is in all ways qualified to give a clear presentment, in so far, at least, as his character can be revealed—a character that was frank and sincere, and yet, through innate dignity, held its finest feelings in reserve. We quote from the memorial sketch published by Mr. John P. Noyes at the time of Mr. Butler's death:—

“Mr. Butler was born in East Berkshire, Vermont, in August, 1830, the son of Dr. Butler, a prominent physician of that place, who had settled there in the early years of the century, and was widely known as a popular doctor

and a distinguished Free Mason. Hobart Butler was a precocious scholar, with an especial talent for mathematics. At the age of ten years, he had mastered the highest arithmetic then in use in the public schools, and was so far advanced generally, that at the age of fifteen, he taught a school in Richford, Vermont. He prepared for College in Dunham Academy. His brother, Dr. Jay Butler, was then a leading physician in that town. After entering the University of Vermont, he occasionally stopped in his studies to teach, finally graduating with honors in 1852. In 1853 he began Academy teaching at Granby, Quebec, and while there, edited the *Granby Gazette*. In 1855 he married Miss Miretta Warner, of Alburgh, Vermont. Miss Warner was a young lady of culture and intellectual gifts, and of notable New England ancestry, her father being a grandson of Col. Seth Warner, of Vermont—a prominent, historical figure, associated with Ethan Allan in the early days of the American Revolution—and her mother a grand-daughter of Col. Nathaniel Emerson of New Hampshire, who also served with distinction throughout the Revolution. Of this family also was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

“From Granby, Mr. Butler went to Clarenceville Academy as principal, for a short time, and from there removed to Stanbridge Academy where he remained until 1864, when he was admitted to the Bar and removed to Bedford to practice his profession; also, taking charge of Bedford Academy.

“It was at Stanbridge that, probably, he did his best work. The people took an interest in the Academy, which had been well established by his predecessors, the Gilbert brothers, and it soon gained a wide-spread reputation as one of the foremost academies in the Province. Young people came from a distance to

receive instruction from him. He had the happy faculty of arousing the interest and ambition of his scholars. All over this Continent may be found men prominent in business and professional life, who gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to him as their teacher; to name them all and their achievements, would fill a book. He was ardently attached to his bright boys, and they were equally devoted to him. But while engaged so arduously in imparting instruction to his own pupils, Mr. Butler sought to interest the public in education, not only by communications to the press, but by addresses and in many other ways.

"He was the first to make the assault on the dormant institutions which passed for academies in those days. For those institutions were not, as now, subsidized or aided by Government grants, apart from a favored few, and even then to no appreciable extent. They were not under School Commissioners and could not be supported by a school tax, as now. They were practically private institutions supported by tuition fees, and the private donations of those interested in the school; such donations being none too large and always a precarious support. School buildings were none too well equipped and with none of the appliances now considered indispensable. Mr. Butler, in the progress of his work, sought to create a unity of interest among the academy teachers of the District, and others interested in education to the end that there might be uniformity in text books and methods of teaching, as well as in favorable amendment to the law; and to aid in these objects he was a prime mover in forming a Teachers' Association in and for the District of Bedford. It lasted until a Provincial Association was formed, maintaining its great interest among the representative men of the

country. Mr. Butler bore a prominent part and was for some time its president. He was one of the leading spirits of the Provincial Association, and before that, as well as the local association, read many practical papers on educational work, also participating in the discussions which took place.

"Mr. Butler came comparatively late in life to the Bar and, with divided interests, brought to it too little ardor to enable him to win the distinction which his talents merited. He disliked its drudgery, nor had he the mental disposition to try to make the worse seem better, or the wrong right, although he had a fair practice until ill health unfitted him for the strain. He was a conscientious lawyer and had the respect of the Bench and the esteem of his confreres. He was a man of decided convictions, too caustic, perhaps, in the expression of his dislikes and the condemnation of what he deemed wrong. He was the soul of honor, despising the thing that was low and mean. He was a warm and loyal friend, generous to a fault to all who appealed to his sympathy.

"As a mark of appreciation, his old pupils, in the summer of 1899, had a reunion in the grounds of the old Stanbridge Academy, where, besides many addresses, expressions of respect and esteem, he received a handsome present, which was a well-deserved recognition."

An interesting feature of this occasion was the presence of the two aged and only survivors of the founders and first Trustees of the Academy, Mr. E. J. Briggs and Mr. N. M. Blinn. The latter made an interesting review of their early work, though blind and feeble—a pathetic figure, who was led to his place on the platform.

Mr. Butler had many qualities which contributed to his success as a teacher, but, first of all, it was his real vocation. He was at home in the school; in everything pertaining to education, he had a deep interest; its advancement was the ruling motive of his life. His methods were his own and in advance of his time. Although it was not possible, under the restrictions of the period and the place, to put his cherished ideas into practice, he sometimes talked of them, with the longing of one who sees higher planes. In teaching, he had the art of making all things clear; dull, indeed, or hopelessly indifferent was the pupil who could not follow his reasoning and see the idea as he presented it, or that could not be aroused to enthusiasm by his forceful words. He had tireless patience with those who were honestly trying, but indifference and sloth angered him; and when aroused, his words came fast and burning. I doubt if any have forgotten those *impróptu* lectures and impassioned appeals delivered while walking to and fro across the school-room before the assembled classes. The waste of time, the idle, heedless, *insouciance* of youth, all teachers have to deal with, but few could have brought its folly so clearly before us; because he felt, personally, such concern for our intellectual advancement. It was the artist, the creator, absorbed in his work and eager for perfection. "Do you want to be hewers of wood and drawers of water all your lives?" he would ask. An illimitable future of degrading toil seemed to stretch away before us! But he was not a *scolder*, he moved us by his earnestness and drew us by the magnetism of his own enthusiasm. Patiently, over and over again, he would drill us in the things that seemed to us of small importance and, therefore, liable to be forgotten,—small things yet necessary to perfection.

How often, in the long after-years, has a word, seemingly forgotten, a sentence or a precept, revealed itself to us in a time of need, as if he still were speaking!

"My Mind to me a Kingdom is"—

that was one of his favorite quotations.

Another, which came with a lesson in English, he would repeat with such pleasure, lingering upon the beauty of it, that one could not help receiving it to keep in memory forever:

"I care not, fortune what you me deny;

You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;

You cannot shut the windows of the sky

Through which Aurora shows her brightening face "

The uplift, the triumphant exultation of those lines has carried at least one member of that class through many a tilt with fortune. These are but small and poor examples of the memories that are associated with that loved teacher.

Mr. Noyes says he was proud of his bright boys. I think he need not have restricted it to the boys! He was proud of all his bright and earnest students. He was in sympathy with all young people, and especially fond of children. He could hardly pass a little child without a smile or a caress, or a bit of teasing. Mrs. Butler relates a characteristic incident:—

"One hot summer day, as I was getting dinner, Mr. Butler called me to the door; there in the noonday sun stood a little gypsy girl, about eight or ten years old, with a number of large tins for sale. She had on heavy woollen stockings, and shoes well out at the toes, and the rest of her garments were in keeping.

" 'No' I said, 'we don't want any tin-ware.'

" 'You'll find it very handy, mum,' came back in such

a tired, pathetic tone, and with such appealing eyes, as only a gypsy child ever has.

"I hurried away to the dinner, fearing it was burned. In a little while, Mr. Butler came in looking happy. He had bought the child's entire stock! It was characteristic; he delighted in helping the young, especially if poor and struggling, and he could not resist the child's pleading eyes."

Mr. Butler was of mirthful disposition, dearly loving a joke and a good story, and he could make merry with his boys and girls; but they well knew it would not do to impose upon his playfulness; there was dignity and even severity back of it. To those students who had the good fortune to become inmates of their home, Mr. and Mrs. Butler were charming and helpful in many ways; with books, music and bright conversation, the discussion of current literature as well as classics, our education was given wider range. Mrs. Butler had given up her duties in the school room to devote herself to the home. It was a cheery place of resort for all the girls and boys; they were sure of a bright welcome and all were made to feel "at home." There was a charm about it that one does not forget.

When Mr. Butler severed his connection with Stanbridge Academy, he was given, in affectionate farewell, the public presentation of a beautiful silver cup, suitably inscribed, a veritable loving-cup from a number of his pupils. The address of presentation was made by our favorite orator, "Willie" Lynch, the future M.P.P. and Judge, who had just completed his preparatory course, and was about to enter McGill University. On this occasion, Mr. Butler also received the following letter from Hon. L. S. Huntington, one of his most appreciative and loyal friends:—

"My dear Butler:—

"I very much regret to learn that you are about to leave Canada. I am afraid that our friends of the Stanbridge High School will find it hard to supply your place. I have watched with deep interest your extraordinary success in that school, and I am glad to hear that in the closing ceremonies the people intend giving you a substantial indication of their affectionate regard; and I sincerely regret that the pressure of my engagements just now will render it impossible for me to be present. Will you kindly convey this to the committee of arrangements, with my thanks for their kind invitation.

"Let me hope that you may shortly return to us; but if you remain away, may God bless you and yours! If it would ever be of use to you that any one should know the high friendship I entertain for you and my appreciation of your eminent qualities as an able and successful teacher, a scholar and a gentleman, after years of intimate acquaintance, you can show them this; and in order that among strangers it might possibly serve you, I shall venture upon the egotism of signing it officially.

"I am, my dear Butler,

"Faithfully yours,

"L. S. HUNTINGTON, M.P.P.,

"Co. Shefford."

After bidding adieu to Stanbridge, Mr. Butler visited the Western States, intending to settle somewhere in that progressive region, but after an extended tour, he found that he had become so truly identified with his Canadian environment that things Western and "American," made no real appeal to him. Canada had become his home-land, and he gladly returned to give

his best efforts for progress and education to the land of his adoption. Would that those efforts had been more richly remunerated!

Mr. Butler's death occurred February 1st, 1904. To his former pupils, far and near, the tidings awoke to expression the affection which, unspoken perhaps, through the long busy years, had never died, and never will. It was a solace to learn that his passing had been so peaceful. He went softly out through sleep, at sunset. Across the river the Church bell was ringing the Angelus; but for him, across that other river, rang the glad bells of morning.

“Fades his calm face beyond our mortal ken,
Lost in the light of lovelier realms above.
He left sweet memories in the hearts of men,
And climbed to God on little children's love.”

CHAPTER VII

SOME ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

MISS CURTIS.

MISS HARRIET I. CURTIS, of St. Albans, Vermont, was the first music teacher at Stanbridge Academy.

Hattie Curtis, as she was then called, was a winsome girl, still in her teens, and the very embodiment of mirth. Her year in Stanbridge was enlivened by many a prank, and many a scene of merriment in which she was the leader. In her irrepressible spirit of fun, she would sometimes spend a part of the lesson hour in dressing her pupil in some fantastic and ludicrous way that was certainly amusing, if not instructive. But if she encroached upon one lesson, she no doubt made it up in another, and was she not paid "per quarter," rather than per lesson, at a not too magnificent stipend. As she also taught drawing, let us hope that, at the end of the year, she felt fairly repaid for her venture in Canada. If she did not make her fortune, she at least had a good time, and helped others to the same blessing; she was the life of every social gathering and the centre of admiration. Everyone laughed with her and loved her.

Afterwards, we learn, she was for many years a valued employee in a St. Albans book-store. In 1891 she went to her brother's home in Washington, D.C., and thence to make her home with a sister, Mrs. Wm. H. Ford, in Oshkosh, Wis. After she left St. Albans,

her Stanbridge friends lost trace of her, knowing only that she was "somewhere out West and an invalid." In 1907 Mrs. Moore, having learned her address from friends in St. Albans, wrote to Miss Curtis, telling her how fondly she was remembered in old Stanbridge, and asking for a photograph for "the book." She received the following pathetic and yet characteristic response, traced with a feeble hand:—

My dear Dora:—

I was surprised and delighted to get your letter after so many years. I look back upon the year spent at Stanbridge as one of the pleasantest of my life. All were so kind to me; I wonder what has become of them. Where do the Gilberts live? They are a remarkable family, all so bright.

It is hard for me to be as I am, I am rebellious—inside. People think I am patient, but I am not.

I wish you success in your undertaking and wish I could help you to money as well as a photograph. I enjoyed the reports you sent (Missisquoi Historical Society) and so did my sister. She is Historian of the D. A. R. here.

At first I could not place you, but now I can see you as you used to be, and I wish I could see *you*, but I never shall. What has become of Mrs. Chandler and daughters? One was called Janie; the other, Mary, was the prettiest girl I ever saw. And where are the Briggs family?

I am so glad you thought of me. It has been seven years since I have taken a step; I do not suffer much bodily pain, but oh, *my heart aches* all the time. I am not pleasant to have around!

May God bless and keep you and yours,

Lovingly,

H. I. CURTIS.

Notwithstanding her self-accusations, she is said to have been truly patient and uncomplaining, and *not* "unpleasant to have around." That was a pale little gleam of her old humorous spirit.

Mrs. Moore wrote again immediately, a cheering and affectionate letter, she told her of her old friends, and again assured her of her faithful remembrance, and the pleasure it would give us to find her in her place in the story of the old Academy.

Meanwhile her letter had been sent to Dr. Simeon Gilbert, thinking that he might have met her at Stanbridge, or had at least heard her spoken of in connection with the school. Dr. Gilbert's letter in reply, brings to light another bit of history:—

"How pathetic this letter from Miss Curtis, and how strange the circumlocution in its getting around to me, and after so long a time. I had forgotten that she was one of the Stanbridge teachers. She had previously been a pupil of my brother Dwight, a favorite pupil, I may say, in old St. Albans' Academy, of which he was principal for a good part of a year while in College, and—I suppose you never knew it—I was principal of the same Academy several years after, when I knew the Curtis family very well. Indeed, it was one of the homes where I especially enjoyed calling. Miss Harriet was a winsome young girl; and now to think of her being such an invalid—it pains me deeply. I will write to her. Thank you for letting me see her letter."

About the first of February following, Mrs. Moore received from Mrs. Ford the news of Miss Curtis' death.

"On the 23rd of December," says Mrs. Moore, "she sent me a beautiful Christmas card, addressed in her own feeble hand; five days afterwards she was stricken. I had written to Mrs. Ford, but our letters crossed *en route*."

So the last greetings had been spoken; we had, as it were, stood by her bedside and received her blessing on our work. The patient soul had been released, and another bright spirit was missing from our number. Thus

"From Love's shining circle
The gems drop away."

MISS LUCIA GILBERT AND MISS PHOEBE SHELDON.

There came to Stanbridge Academy in its second year, as associate teachers with Simeon Gilbert, two noble young women, friends since those early years at Castleton Seminary, where, in a very real sense, they were schoolmates. Vividly as we may recall them now, we were at the time, as in the case of others, too young to read either character fully, therefore could not truly appreciate them, charmed though we were by their loveliness. And yet, Dr. Gilbert has recently said:—

"Your characterization of my sister Lucia, in your last letter, is particularly discerning. She probably never had any pupils who did not feel, in some degree at least, as you did, though they may not have 'sensed it so fully.'"

Perhaps, with our greater experience, and more mature judgment, the visions we have retained of those rare young women now become clearer to our perception, perhaps, unconsciously, our human insight is helped by some spiritual revealing on their part, a gentle, kindly hint, just as they would, in the old days, sitting near us at class recitations, or examinations, sometimes lean toward us and whisper a word of encouragement to help us over a hard place.

Miss Gilbert was a delicate girl, unassuming, quiet and gentle, with that dignity of fine culture that does not need to assert itself. Being somewhat an invalid,

she did not go out much, so that she was not as well-known socially as in the school-room, or within a small circle of acquaintances; but the fortunate few who knew her well can never forget her. There was a magnetism in her manner—or was it in her affection for us young girls?—that drew us to her unquestioningly. We loved her without doubting her love for us; and being at ease with her, we were at our best. This, says her brother, was characteristic, and he adds:—

“She never lost that fine gift of putting others at their best.” She saw them at their best; forgetful of self, she looked earnestly and deeply into the youthful minds that were for a little while given into her care. She felt herself to be, to a certain degree, their keeper. It is the gift and the art of the successful teacher to see the best, and determinedly give it prominence.

Miss Sheldon, the music teacher, was a beautiful young woman, idealized, if not idolized, by her young pupils, and admired by all others. In thinking of her, a bit of ancient verse comes to mind:

“Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage.
Noble by heritage—
This must be she.”

Her “special air of distinction,” as it has been called, was enhanced in our eyes by a fascinating “stylishness” and daintiness in dress, as well as by an indescribable grace and sweetness of manner, with a gentle dignity that kept us from being too demonstrative in our adoration.

Looking back to that trio of friends, Simeon Gilbert, his sister and their friend, one can understand what such companionship must have been to each of them in that somewhat isolated country, for, such it was in effect, especially to the delicate girl who could not take long walks and drives about the country.

"I remember," says Dr. Gilbert, "that we read some forty books in those long winter evenings!"

There must be some memories shut in with those volumes—a cosy parlor at Mrs. Edson's, an upper room looking upon a balcony; across the street is the river, icebound now; beyond, the white fields and hills; above the clear Canadian sky with its infinitude of stars; a pleasant sound of sleigh-bells going up and down the street, and pleasant conversation going on within—between chapters. There was not another such winter; for, though the friendship remained, the ways parted. Mr. Gilbert returned to his Seminary, Miss Sheldon to her home in Fairhaven, and Miss Gilbert entered Vassar College as teacher of Greek.

"In later years," writes Dr. Gilbert, "my sister almost always had, at home, a few pupils fitting for college; these private classes she continued almost until her death at sixty-eight." Her brothers seem to have regarded her with love that partook of reverence.

Here, again, comes the reflection that some of us might have, and should have, enjoyed the blessing of her friendship through all of those after-years. We need an eternity to correct the mistakes discovered too late in this life.

A late portrait shows so great a change in maturity that one could never imagine she had been the delicate Miss Gilbert of Stanbridge Academy. She was superb in womanliness, sweetness and serenity; her mouth was beautiful, she had grown quite stout, and looked, we are told, "almost majestic, like some august senator." Like the rest of her family, she was strongly intellectual; she had also a rich gift of humor, and, as is always the case, pathos was not far removed.

Miss Sheldon, after her return to her Vermont home, corresponded for some time with the three little Stan-

bridge pupils whom she had especially loved. She wrote them of her pet canary whose name, "Dicky-Dora-Lottie-Mary," was a little song of remembrance. (Dora-Lottie-Mary appear in the group with Mr. Butler, taken the following year). After Miss Sheldon's marriage to "a Mr. Bailey of Fairhaven," her charming letters ceased. Beyond that we only know that "she died many years ago." She and Miss Gilbert, we are told, remained ardent friends to the last.

"One came and told me suddenly,
 'Your friend is dead! last year she went':
 But many years my friend had spent
In life's wide wastes apart from me;
And lately I had felt her near,
 And walked as if by soft wings fanned,
 Had felt the touching of her hand,
 Had known she held me close and dear.
And swift I learned that being dead,
 Meant, rather, being free to live,
 And free to seek me, free to give;
And so my heart was comforted."

MISS MARIA LADD.

In the Winter of 1858, Stanbridge made the acquaintance of another interesting young lady from "the States," Maria S. Ladd, who assisted during the winter and spring terms. She was born on North Hero, one of the beautiful islands of Lake Champlain, the very thought of which stirs poetic feeling; and it is not strange that both Miss Ladd and her sister were poets of some note. They are both included in an anthology of Vermont poets. Miss Ladd resided for many years in Burlington, Vermont; her death occurred there in February, 1908. She had been an invalid for some years, but her passing was sudden and tragic; she had kindly sent us some months before, copied by her own

hand, the poem, "Summer-time," as her contribution to our souvenir book. It was originally published a number of years ago in a Philadelphian magazine. The accompanying poem, "A Cape Legend," also from her pen, was contributed by her friend Mrs. Butler.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

The fragrance of the wild rose fills
With odorous breath the summer air,
And song of robin clearly trills
Along the dusty thoroughfare.
The grassy lane, with clover sweet,
That leads beyond the maple's shade,
Invites the wanderer's lingering feet
Along the path the herd have made.
The slope whereon the white lambs graze
Is brightened by the morning sun,
And o'er the landscape softly plays
And gilds the day but just begun.
The rustic bridge across the stream
Looks picture-like,—there oft is heard
The heavy tramping of a team,
Or the light carol of a bird.
All nature throbs with its delights,
And that has speech which once seemed dumb;
Sweet harmony the ear invites,
From whispering grass to insects' hum.

A CAPE LEGEND.

BY MARIA S. LADD.

A long half-century ago
The rude coast people one day found,
Upon the sands of Henlopen,
The bodies of some sailors drowned,—
And there they left them, every one,
A prey to bird, and beast and sun.

Since then their angry spirits send
From out the ocean, dunes of sand
At times, and gathering as they go,
They move on slowly toward the land;
Yet when its verge, at last they reach,
They stay out on the willing beach.

But on their mission dire they go,
Interring house and stream and tree;
And terror-stricken, few alone
Evade these monsters of the sea.
So say these sturdy fishermen
Upon the coast of Henlopen.

MISS SERAPH A. C. THOMAS,

(Mrs. E. J. Morgan).

The daughter of Hiram J. Thomas and his wife, Emily, daughter of Martin Rice, of Riceburg, belongs, from her first hour, to the history of Missisquoi. Her father's connection with the rebellion of '37-'38 as publisher and editor (with Solomon Bingham, Jr.), of a radical newspaper at Stanbridge East—the wrecking of his office, the breaking up of his home, his expatriation, and the death of his beautiful young wife in her father's house, which was guarded by soldiers, waiting to arrest Mr. Thomas, "as soon as his wife had breathed her last,"—and his escape across the border by a clever *ruse-de-guerre*—all this is not only Missisquoi but Canadian history. From that sad home in Riceburg, the little new-born child was taken by her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Comstock, of Stanbridge East.

At the age of fifteen, Seraph Thomas comes again into history as teacher of a very select little class at her home, midway between Stanbridge village and Riceburg. There were about a dozen young pupils, and by way of an accomplishment, they were taught pencil

drawing; all of which shows that Miss Thomas was being carefully educated according to the best advantages of the time and place.

Chief among the "art students" were Allan Edson and Windsor V. Rice. Windsor is said to have shown, at that time, more decided talent than Allan. This was in 1852-3, two years before the Academy was opened.

Later, Miss Thomas was placed in French schools at Verchères, and at St. Marc; and in the first Academy year she was on the staff as teacher of French.

From this time, Miss Thomas' own efforts were exerted to complete the work so well begun. Though a girl of fragile constitution, by courage and perseverance she acquired an education that placed her beside the most intellectual women and best teachers of her time. So passed the quiet, busy years in teaching and study; their chief events being the marriage of her foster-sister, Miss Comstock, to Mr. Freligh, of Bedford, and later on the breaking up of the Stanbridge home and removal to that of Mrs. Freligh.

The writer recalls hearing Mrs. Comstock, who, in common with the Rice family, had the gift of picturesque expression, describe the leaving of the dear cottage home, hallowed by countless fond associations.

"I was the last to leave the house," she said, "and as I came through the gate I wanted to turn and *howl*, like an old lonely dog!" She laughed as she said it, but there were tears in her voice.

In 1864 Miss Thomas, in delicate health, and mourning for her mother-aunt, added to her former culture, a bit of travel. Accompanied by a friend, she made the tour of the Great Lakes, afterwards visiting relatives and friends in the Western States, spending in this way several pleasant months. Soon after her return, Miss

Thomas, with several others from Boston, Ontario and Quebec, was engaged to teach in Yarmouth Seminary, at Yarmouth, N.S., a school of over three hundred pupils.

On this staff of teachers was another Stanbridge teacher, Miss Jane Rosenberger, who had taught music to the pupils of the Academy. When she finally left Yarmouth, she went to Boston, where her record as a member of the celebrated Handel-Hadyn Society was remarkable.

We quote this paragraph from a recent history of this famous society :

"One of our sopranos, Miss Jane Rosenberger, joined "the chorus in the spring of 1868. For a period of fully "twenty years she attended every meeting of the chorus "whether for rehearsal or performance, and the board, "agreeing that such faithfulness merited full acknow- "ledgment, voted her a handsome gift at Christmas, and "presented a bouquet at the concert. Such appropriation "of the society's money was unusual, but there is no "danger that a similar expenditure on a similar occasion "would seriously impair our finances."

Near the close of her second year at this institution, her health failed, and she returned home. After resting a few months, she took charge of a Church school in Arlington, Vermont, remaining two years, when the school was closed—owing to a condition not uncommon among church schools, and known as *financial debility*.

Again the state of Miss Thomas' health induced her to seek change and a sea voyage; this took her to the Pacific coast, in the fall of 1868. Soon after her arrival in San Francisco, she, in company with a Southern lady, took charge of a Young Ladies' School, already established on Bush Street. This venture not proving satisfactory, she entered the Public School

service, teaching for two years in San José. She then returned to San Francisco, and after a few months' rest, opened a parish school in connection with St. Luke's Church, of which Rev. E. S. Peake was Rector. When this school was well established and thriving, a telegram announced that her foster-sister lay at the point of death. This turned her homeward in haste.

In the spring of 1873, several months after her return from California, her sister having fully recovered, Miss Thomas became principal of Stanbridge Academy, a position which she filled with marked success. Her varied experiences as a teacher, at home and abroad, those well-improved opportunities for culture, added to her natural ability and refinement, gave her prestige and a peculiar fitness for the work, and she found herself honored and beloved in her own country. The attendance at the Academy recalled the palmy days of the preceptors.

In the meantime she had set the ball a-rolling (through the columns of the "Cowansville Observer," March, 1873) for the establishing of a superior school for girls to be located somewhere in the Eastern Townships. The time was opportune. The idea was eagerly caught up and put into effect with the result that within a short time the corner stone of the Dunham Ladies' College was laid, also that of King's Hall, Compton.

But once more Miss Thomas had reached the limit of her physical strength, and succumbing to the fatigue of her absorbing work, she returned to her home in Bedford before completing her third year at Stanbridge. During this period, she was offered the Principalship of Compton Ladies' College, now King's Hall; and had also been urged to return to San Francisco to assist in editing "The Pacific Churchman," then an eight page weekly. The state of her health, as well as the feeble-

ness of her aged foster-father, deterred her from accepting either call.

But Miss Thomas was too popular as a teacher to be left long in retirement. After resting for several months, she was induced to open a young Ladies' School in Bedford, where she continued for three years. But she was finally compelled to abandon her loved vocation.

In 1880 Miss Thomas received a call of a totally different nature; this she ventured to accept; and as the wife of Mr. E. J. Morgan, of Stanbridge West, a good man who had long been her valued friend, she assumed the charge of her own pleasant home. Nineteen happy years were passed in the society of her devoted husband, when death ended, for a time, the dear companionship.

A genius for teaching was not the only gift with which Seraph Thomas was endowed; had she turned to literature with the same earnestness and devotion, she would have won for herself an honorable place in that field; but she seems to have been unconscious of her talent in that direction, and the hand to draw aside the veil and reveal it to her was lacking. Perhaps—but the sensitive reserve which causes Mrs. Morgan to shrink from publicity, forbids further mention of her possibilities. What she has already written, in its quaint originality, strength, and poetic expression, speaks for her, and would suffice to keep her memory bright in old Missisquoi. But we hope for more.

MISS CALISTA BURNHAM,

Student and Teacher.

This woman was one of the unique characters whose lives cannot be written out, or measured by any popular standard. In one sense, she lived her lowly life alone;

in a truer sense, she lived in the lives of others. If her life seemed lowly, it was in reality one of high purpose and pure atmosphere—the atmosphere of good literature, of the classics that she loved and studied to the end of her days, and of the bright young students, in whose minds she strove to awaken fine ideals. She still lives in the love of those whom she fitted for a broader career in the great world—the world that she, herself, never cared, perhaps, to know from personal experience. She lives, too, in the memory of many a former schoolmate, some of whom were witnesses of her years of self-denial and devotion to duty.

She was first a student, then a teacher (Principal), in Stanbridge Academy. She afterward had private classes in her own home, the quaint old village house of red brick where order and neatness reigned along with the classics.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, her foster-parents, were valued citizens, quiet, sensible, home-keeping people, respected by all. They had lost several children in infancy, and their last and tenderly loved little son, Francis, aged seven years was accidentally drowned in the river opposite their home. Soon after this culminating sorrow, they adopted Calista, and later two orphan nephews of Mr. Burnham, bright, handsome little fellows, whose early death brought a sorrowful stillness to their home. It was Calista's part to cheer and comfort the kind old people, and this she did with a daughter's love and loyalty. They were proud of her and her scholarship and her success as a teacher.

When they died, she was left sole occupant of the home, alone with her books. Much of her time was occupied with teaching; and the private classes relieved the stillness of the old house. But for all this, there must have been some very lonely hours. Miss Burnham

was not one of "the pretty girls of Stanbridge," but her countenance was bright and expressive. She had beautiful dark eyes, and when animated by some subject of interest, she was charming. As she grew in knowledge and refinement, she must have been still more interesting.

In a letter written soon after Miss Burnham's death, Miss Chandler, her former schoolmate and neighbor, with her deft touch, draws some realistic pictures of her :

"You have, of course, heard of the death of Calista Burnham. It was pathetic. As you know, she had no relatives in Canada, so she died, as she had lived, since the death of her foster-parents and brothers, alone. A niece of Mr. Burnham's had been with her for several weeks, and Mrs. Agnes Richardson had been caring for her, but until those few weeks, she had been alone. She had treasured all the old keepsakes and parlor ornaments brought by the father and mother from the old country; and those belonging to the little boys—valueless in themselves, but priceless to her. They were carefully dusted and replaced upon the 'what-not' with all the respect she would have given to the finest works of art.

"She was so afraid of becoming an object of charity in her old age, that she had saved and saved, and denied herself every luxury; and in the end, she left six thousand dollars besides the home. She never stopped studying, and took as much delight as a school-girl in Latin, French, and other studies usually given up by elderly people. She always reminded me of Miss Wilkins' New England folks, though unlike them in her great desire for knowledge. Very few knew of the suffering she endured in her years of failing health. She taught a few pupils until a short time before her death.

"On one of my visits home, I spent an afternoon with her. I was not regularly invited, I think Calista never did such a thing—I just happened in, and she asked

me, in the good old-fashioned way, to take off my things and stay to tea. I remember—and it makes my mouth water now to think of them—the cream biscuits she made, and the tea-drinking out of the pink and white cups—taken from the corner cupboard, where they had been kept all her life, and carefully wiped for fear a speck of dust might have lodged on them. Of course, no such thing ever did get into that cupboard; I cannot recall our conversation, but I know I enjoyed it all very much; and I know we did not say anything against our neighbors, for I would have had to do that alone, and she did her share of the talking. It was my last visit to our old friend.”

Miss Burnham had received something in the way of a teacher's pension; in her will the full amount was returned, for the benefit of other teachers. She left bequests to her own Parish Church, St. James, Anglican, at Stanbridge, and to St. Damien's, R. C. of Bedford, in memory of her foster-parents. The Woman's Guild of her Church was also most generously remembered. The cousin who was with her at the last inherited the home. And to *all*, was left the memory of a pure and lovely life.

To complete the sketch we append the following item which recently appeared in the Stanbridge locals of "The News."

"Those who know the life work of the beloved teacher, the late Miss Burnham, of Stanbridge, must be deeply gratified with the well-deserved tribute of praise to her memory by the reference made in the Quebec Legislature by Mr. Vilas, member for Brome, in his address on the Hon. Mr. Roy's Educational Bill. Lest this may have escaped the notice of many who commend Miss Burnham's wisdom and justice in the disposal of her estate, we quote the passage in full: "I should like on the

floor of this House to relate an incident that deserves a special tribute of praise. Some five years ago a teacher, who had given twenty-eight years of useful service to the youth of this Province and had drawn a modest pension for ten or twelve years, left to the Teachers' Pension Fund a legacy of one thousand dollars, the accumulation of a life-long thrift. Others have given much from their wealth to causes of philanthropy and education, but Miss Burnham's legacy marks a devotion and a public spirit beyond all praise. I mention this incident the more particularly because the deceased lady was a resident of the county in which I live. I also mention this incident hoping that it will attract the attention of some of our philanthropists who, in their generosity, will add to this most deserving fund.' "

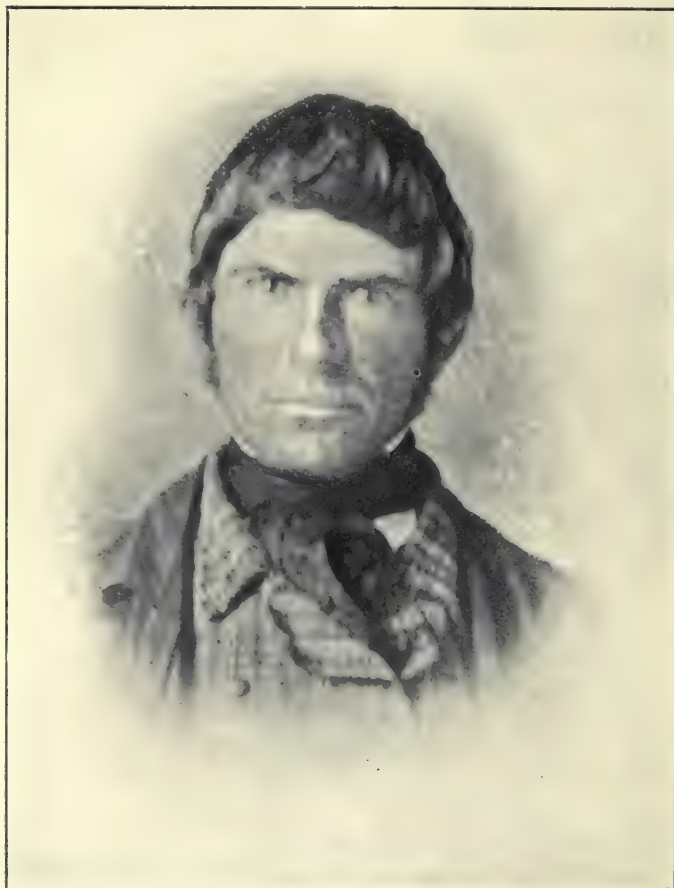
CHAPTER VIII.

STANBRIDGE RIDGE.

AMONG the interesting localities in the vicinity of Stanbridge village, one of especial note is Stanbridge Ridge, a farming district about two miles south of the village, familiarly known as "The Ridge."

It is a pleasant bit of country, with well-kept homesteads, fine fruit and maple sugar orchards, a little stone chapel and, further along the highway, the school-house. The "burying ground," oddly enough, is just across the road from the school, an ever-present *memento-mori*. Later, another burying-ground was laid out on the south side of the school-house. For years previous to the building of the chapel, all religious services were held in the school-house, which accounts for the misfit. However, in recent years the little cemetery has been beautified and made pleasant to contemplate. It is all dear and sacred in the memory of men and women who have wandered far from those uplands and orchards, and "the green graves of their sires," into wider spheres.

Good people, and some people of note, have lived on "The Ridge," and many of our students were from that neighbourhood, among them Allan Edson, the artist, who was born here. Rev. Wm. Arthur, who was a teacher in Stanbridge village, is said to have resided on "The Ridge" for a while during the childhood of his son, Chester A. Arthur, late president of the United States. At all events, "Elder Arthur" used to preach in The



HIRAM COREY.

Ridge Chapel. This was during his second sojourn in Stanbridge.

Another interesting resident was Rev. Francis N. Jersey, who came to Canada from England in 1842, with a family of eight children. Mr. Hiram Corey met him in Montreal and brought him and his family out to The Ridge. The following year he was ordained a Baptist Minister and installed as pastor of the Church on The Ridge. Later, he purchased a small farm on the Stanbridge road where he lived for fourteen years, finally removing to Potton.

Prominent among the Ridge families were the Coreys, two of whom, Hiram and Lindol Corey, as provincial land surveyors, took an important part in the development of the country. The Corey seniors, Benjamin, Lindol, Henry, Reuben and their sisters, were true pioneers and first settlers, coming from Hancock, Mass. They were Loyalists, and came by the popular ox-team through the woods to Missisquoi.

Benjamin and Lindol settled on The Ridge, Henry below The Ridge toward Bedford. Benjamin Corey died young. His grand-daughter, Mrs. Rixford, says:

"An ancient cherry chest with his clothing—knee breeches, long stockings and silver shoe-buckles—was an object of adoration to us children. He never wore any other costume."

Lindol Corey, the second brother, was known as Capt. Lindol; he was commissioned during the war of 1812. Lindol Corey, surveyor, was his nephew, son of Henry, the third brother.

Hiram Corey, provincial land surveyor, was the son of Benjamin. He was born in Hancock, Mass., in 1807, and made that memorable journey by team to Stanbridge. He was a man of strong character and sterling worth, with a dignity and seriousness of bearing that

gained him a reputation for sternness, but he was really humorous and "loved to laugh." He was generous and helpful, especially to the young, and a public-spirited citizen. The little stone chapel on The Ridge was built by him and a few others; and he, with three or four business men of Stanbridge village, became responsible for the erection of the first brick church, English. He was a member of the Academy Association. He could well appreciate the Academy and its superior advantages for education. His own was obtained like Abraham Lincoln's, at the chimney corner. For the little pioneer boy there was no school, and he was ten years old when he "learned his letters." At fourteen years, he went to school for six months, and that was all the "schooling" he had; the rest he managed by himself. He had a fine memory and unusual mathematical talent. It is related that his teacher gave him the multiplication table to take home at night. The next day he recited it all, forward and backward, to the astonished class! In after years, he was an expert in solving mathematical problems. Not less was his fame in wrestling, the principal athletic accomplishment of the day. He was a Justice of the Peace and, says his daughter, "seldom did a day pass without his being called upon to decide some knotty case. People would come with angry faces, and go away smiling. He had great influence over men and always for good." This is a very good example of those pioneer men of Stanbridge.

Mr. Corey received his surveyor's commission in the reign of King William IV., 1831, Lord Aylmer being then Governor-General of Canada. The document with its stately formality, and the Great Seal of Lower Canada affixed by its blue ribbon, is an interesting family relic.

Mr. Corey married his cousin, Miss Mary Anne Palmer.

Their mothers were sisters, whose family name was Baker. Mrs. Corey was just such a woman as one would expect such a man to admire and love; gentle, kind, serene and lovely. "I never saw her angry," says her daughter; and it indicates self-control as well as gentleness. Of their five children, Charles and Caroline were first-year students at our Academy.

Charles Corey, eldest son, completed his preparatory course under Mr. Butler, but taught a number of terms before entering the University of Vermont, where he took the medical course and was graduated in 1863. He settled in Waterville, Vermont, and about a year later married Miss Ellen E. Scott, of Burlington, Vermont, a niece of Archdeacon Scott of Dunham, Quebec.

"There is," says his son, "not much to tell of father's life in Waterville; it was the life of a country doctor with its ups and downs, mostly downs. But one thing stands out clear, impressed upon my memory from earliest years, that is, his love for his profession, and his faithfulness to duty. I never knew him to shirk a call, whatever the state of the weather, the roads, or the prospect for recompense."

Dr. Corey died in Manchester, New Hampshire, October, 1899, in his sixty-third year, suddenly, of heart-failure. He had been in practice thirty-five years, seventeen of which were in Manchester. "He was well known" says his eulogist, "honorable, genial, gentle and kind." This brings vividly to mind "Charley Corey" the earnest student and lovable companion of Academy days. His three sons, Charles R., Arthur B. and Frederick W., and their families, reside in New Hampshire.

Hiram Corey, jr., second son, died in his boyhood.

William Corey, the third son, was a pupil of Mr.

Butler. He is a man of brilliant business talent, and has amassed a large fortune in Manchester, where he began his business career in 1868. He is a person of decided character, honorable in all his dealings, and a loyal friend. He married in Manchester, Mass., Miss Jennie La Porte of Vermont, who has been the proverbial wise and true help-mate. They have had the great grief of losing their only child, a young man of brilliant promise, who was stricken down in the beginning of his University course.

Ben Corey, the youngest of the family, was Mr. Butler's pupil for a short time; he completed his studies under Mr Eastwood. After school days, he went with his sister, Mrs. Gulian P. Rixford, to California, going some time later to Phenix, Arizona, where, for a good many years, he was engaged in mining. He never married, but had a home with his sister. Early in 1907 he retired from business, intending to reside permanently in San Francisco. The following summer, while visiting his brother William in Manchester, he lost his life in an accident that occurred while the brothers were driving through the City streets. William also received serious injuries, not the least of which was the shock of his brother's sudden death.

Ben Corey was much like his brother Charles in character, both having inherited their mother's amiable disposition. He was quick to respond to the needs of others, with sympathy and helpful deeds, and therefore he was sincerely loved and honored by all who knew him, whether the recipients of his kindness or not. His life motto, says his sister, was:—

Enough for self and some to spare
For such poor souls as need it."

Other residents of the Ridge in former days were the

Palmers, Martindales, Vaughans, Davis' Stantons (grandparents of Allan Edson), Johnsons and John Stone, a cousin of Mrs. William Arthur. There, as elsewhere in old Missisquoi, time has wrought many changes; but the old stone chapel valiantly holds its own, unshaken by the rushing years.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!"

Loyal hearts have paid tribute there, beautifying it with colored windows and other adornments, and its surrounding lawns are beautifully kept. May it long endure as a monument to some of the genuine "First Settlers" of Stanbridge.

Mrs. Rixford showed a photograph of the Chapel to some friends in San Francisco and was shocked when one asked if it was a wine-cellar! "I felt awfully hurt," said Mrs. Rixford, but like her father she "loves to laugh."

CHAPTER IX

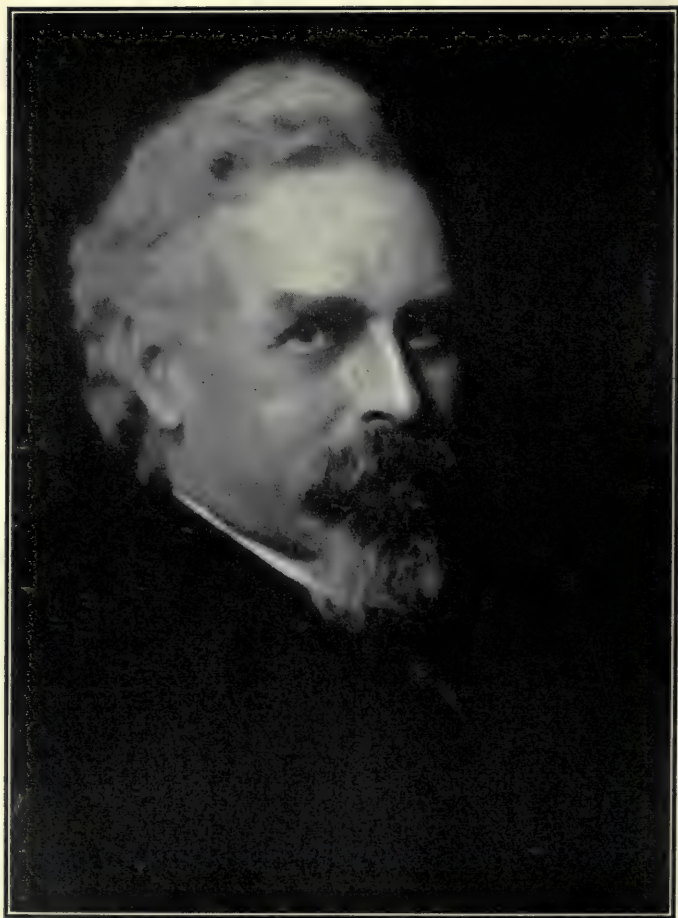
THE STANBRIDGE COLONY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Colony is not large; it numbers, at present but seven originals, yet with its California olive-branches, it forms a respectable contingent of the old Student band.

In the course of these reminiscences, titles are often mislaid, or forgotten; we are girls and boys again, and here, as elsewhere in our friendly intercourse, the old-time appellations claim honors. The familiar names come naturally and gracefully from the lips of old friends, in recalling long years of friendship, and appeal to the heart. "Now there is no one living who can call me Victoria," said the Queen sadly. It was symbolic of the loneliness of Sovereignty.

The former Stanbridge students in San Francisco are the Rixford Brothers, Gulian and Emmet, Caroline Corey (Mrs. Gulian Rixford), Julia Bliss Meigs (Mrs. Bugeia), Arthur S. Baker, Charles A. Grow and Homer P. Saxe.

The Rixfords were born at East Highgate, Vermont; during their boyhood (in 1850), their father, Luther P. Rixford, removed to Bedford, Quebec, where he established a scythe and axe factory, a new industry for Missisquoi. It is possible that the boys' intellects were sharpened and polished by association with those edged tools, and that from intimate knowledge of scythes they learned the secret of wide swaths. Any



G. P. RIXFORD.

way, they were of more than ordinary alertness of mind when they came to Stanbridge Academy. They had a distinctive personality, and were conspicuous among the group of fine young men who were fitting for college with Mr. Butler.

Gulian Pickering Rixford, by seniority dean of the Colony, was a student at Stanbridge Academy in 1860-61; he had previously been a student at Franklin Academy, Vermont. He pays this tribute to our preceptor:—

"Mr. Butler was an ideal teacher, with a never-flagging interest in his pupils. All regarded him as one of the best of friends, and placed implicit confidence in his advice. I well remember his anxiety in behalf of the laggards, his energetic but kindly prodding, and the dire consequences predicted as a result of persistent neglect of studies."

Gulian entered McGill University in the fall of 1862 for the course in Civil Engineering. Half the College period was spent in practice in the field. He was entrusted with the levelling and laying out of curves on some of the Montreal Street Railroad lines and other engineering work. Having studied for one year with Mr. Lindol Corey, of Stanbridge Ridge, provincial land surveyor, two years at the University completed the course. He was graduated in May, 1864, receiving his Government commission after final examination, at Québec, in July following.

Meanwhile he had become interested in geology, and having made himself familiar with the old Silurian rocks of Missisquoi, was taken into the field by Sir William Logan, director, and Mr. Billings, paleontologist of the Canadian Geological Survey, on their visit to that region. But the old Silurians had not monopolized his interest; he celebrated his graduation by

marrying, in that month, Miss Caroline Corey, of Stanbridge Ridge, only daughter of Hiram Corey, the veteran land surveyor of Missisquoi.

During the next two or three years the young engineer followed his profession, furnishing plans for one of the bridges at Bedford, accomplishing a good deal of land surveying, and spending one summer on the construction force of the Central Vermont Railway, then being built from St. Johns, Quebec, to Swanton, Vermont. After this, he conducted for some time a factory for knitting-machine needles at Bedford; the love of applied mechanics, or the call of the river had lured him back. He was, one may say, a river child, born near the Missisquoi, where, in his boyhood, he used to watch the Indians in their canoes journeying to and from Missisquoi Bay. The boom and roar of the falls at Highgate was part of his childhood. The pleasant song of little Pike River was afterward associated with some happy and important years, but it was finally lost in the call of the sea.

In 1867 Gulian and family removed to San Francisco, followed in 1869 by his father, mother and brother, and here they have since resided. The father died some years since; the mother still lives, now in her ninety-first year, bright and active, the center of admiration among her devoted children to the third generation.

From 1868 to 1876, Gulian Rixford was on the editorial staff of the "Evening Bulletin," and was also connected with the "San Francisco Call," a morning paper. These two dailies, associated under the proprietorship of Mr. Loring Pickering—brother of Mrs. Luther Rixford—and Mr. George K. Fitch, were leading journals of San Francisco. For a number of years following, Mr. Rixford was business manager of "The Bulletin." In 1889 he withdrew, in order to devote

himself wholly to his personal affairs; and has since engaged in real estate and mining operations. He was for several years manager of the Inyo Marble Co.; for five years he was secretary of the California Academy of Sciences.

But, during all these years, his chief enthusiasm has been for horticulture and fruit raising. He was one of the organizers of the State Horticultural Society, and one of its first officers. Mrs. Rixford also was actively interested in the State Floral Society, and was for several years one of its officers.

During his connection with the Bulletin, Mr. Rixford contributed to the press many able and practical articles on Horticultural subjects, which were extensively copied, and from whose suggestions these important industries in California have profited. He made the Bulletin his medium in importing and distributing rare cuttings and choice plants, a list of which reads like a bit of foreign travel. The most important of these were the Smyrna fig, of which he imported 14,000 cuttings; this resulted in establishing a new industry in California. In the Department of Agriculture at Washington, Gulian P. Rixford is credited with being the original introducer of the Smyrna fig into California.

To supplement this enterprise, another importation was needed, and in due time it was made. This was effected by Dr. Walter T. Swingle, of the Agricultural Department, by bringing in the small insect with the large name of *blastophagus*, the little mother wasp who leaves her birth-place, the Capri-fig, for that of Smyrna; carrying with her a little pollen from home, she selects a Smyrna blossom, enters and deposits her eggs, and *the pollen*. In due time, the pollonized fruit comes to its rich perfection, but the figs that the *blastophaga* have rejected shrivel and drop from the tree.

"The placing of the Capri figs on the Smyrna trees," says Mr. Rixford, "is called caprification. There is nothing new in this; it was done hundreds of years B.C. It is mentioned by Theophrastus, the old Greek writer on Agriculture, in 340 B.C. The little wasp is not over one-sixteenth of an inch in length, so if we should chance to devour one with our fruit, it would cut no *figure*."

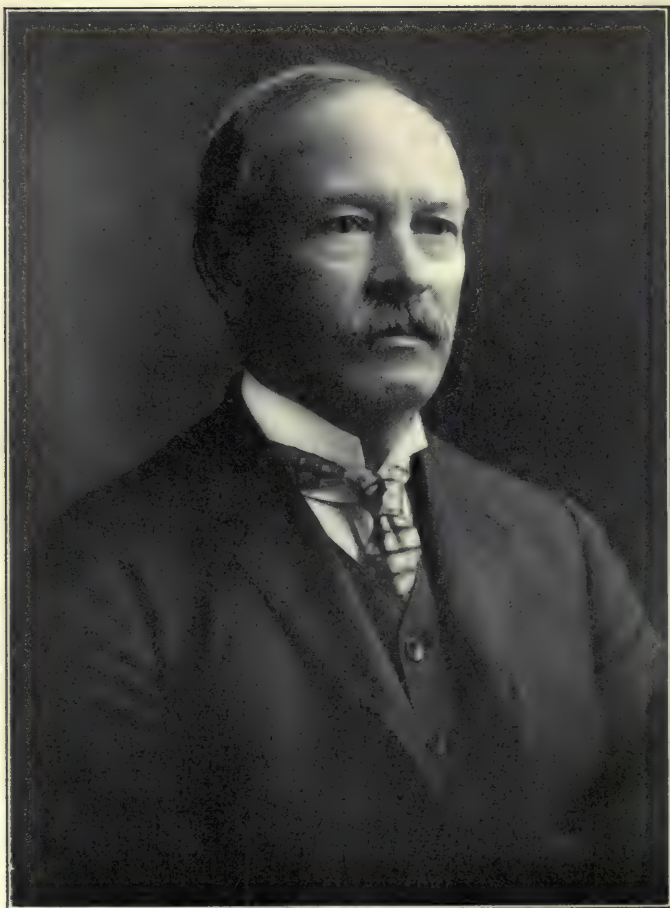
In the fig orchards of California now, the Capri trees grow beside the Smyrnas, and all goes on naturally.

Mr. Rixford has recently been appointed to a place in the United States Department of Agriculture, as expert in the Bureau of Plant Industry. His work is to visit experimental stations, and advise and report, etc. His services are considered very valuable.

Gulian has lost none of the geniality and charm of manner which distinguished him in Missisquoi days, and he looks like a savant, which indeed he is.

Mrs. Gulian Rixford, so well remembered in Missisquoi as Miss Caroline Corey, student at our Academy, and teacher of district schools in Stanbridge and Bedford, fancies that her identity has been sunk in that of her husband and children; but that is not really the case. Caroline Corey had not that kind of identity. True, she has been devoted to her family, but she has also fulfilled all reasonable duties of society—otherwise her duty to her children would have been less faithfully performed. She has been a loyal friend and sympathetic neighbor. It was once said of her: "to get at the best in Mrs. Rixford you must be in illness or other trouble."

The Rixford home has been, one may say, dedicated to hospitality. They have never turned their backs or shut their door on a friend. In years gone by, more than one wanderer from Eastern homes, men who came



E. H. RIXFORD.

to California seeking gold and finding only graves, have been cheered and helped by "the Rixfords."

Among Gulian Rixford's choice importations into California, the little boy brought from Missisquoi, takes first rank. Dr. Emmet Rixford honors both countries. There are two daughters—both beautiful, intellectual women and artists of talent. The younger son, Loring Pickering Rixford, is an architect of more than ordinary merit and artistic ideas. He is a graduate of L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. He is now serving his city as supervisor in Mayor Taylor's "good government administration"—a distinction of no small merit in San Francisco in this period of reconstruction.

EMMET HAWKINS RIXFORD.

Emmet Rixford was not only a student, but an assistant teacher at Stanbridge Academy. He entered the school in 1859, a quiet studious young gentleman, reserved in manner, a favorite with both Mr. and Mrs. Butler; he was for some time an inmate of their home. His friendship with them did not cease with Academy days! His letters often cheered his old teacher in years of failing health and discouragement, and they are still a source of comfort to Mrs. Butler in her loneliness.

Emmet was not wholly absorbed in study—his character had a social side, and no "surprise-party," or other social function was complete without him. Completing his course at Stanbridge, he entered the University of Vermont, remaining for two years. At the breaking out of the Civil War, most of the students volunteered; Emmet, intending to do the same, came home to Bedford to bid his family farewell, whereupon his commanding officer ordered him to report forthwith for McGill University, and his education went on with but brief interruption. Doubtless it was a severe trial to the enthusiastic young patriot, but "Mother knew best."

In 1865 he was graduated from the Law Department of McGill, and admitted to the Bar. He entered into partnership with John Monk, a prominent attorney of Montreal.

In 1869 he severed his connection with the Canadian Bar and joined his family in San Francisco, entering the law office of Campbell, Fox & Campbell. He was admitted to the California Bar in 1871, upon examination. He would have been admitted on his Canadian certificate and record, but he chose to enter on his individual merit.

In 1876 he began practice by himself. In 1898 he became general counsel and director of the California Title Insurance & Trust Co., of which he has recently been appointed vice-president, and still holds that position. He has been for several years an officer of the San Francisco Bar Association.

Mr. Rixford has always taken much interest in agriculture, and especially in vine culture, of which he has made a study. He is the author of an excellent work entitled "Winepress and Cellar," a manual for the wine-maker and cellarman. It is placed in the libraries as a reference book; it has been translated into French and is used as a text-book in the agricultural schools of France.

In 1875, Emmet Rixford married Miss Kate Halsey, the lovely daughter of Judge Halsey of San Francisco. His home life has been very happy. Mrs. Rixford is a woman beloved by all who know her. They have three fine children; the eldest son, Allan, is of artistic temperament and talent; Halsey, the youngest of the family, a recent graduate from Stanford University, will follow his father's profession, being about to enter Harvard Law School; their daughter Katherine, a beautiful girl,

especially bright and winsome, is the wife of Mr. Roger Beales, a mining engineer, holding an important position in Mexico.

Quietly, but steadily, Emmet Rixford has risen in his profession, holding the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens and the loyal affection of his personal friends.

"And then I think of one who in her
fair young beauty died,"—

Geneve, the sweet, dark-eyed young girl, who came to our Academy with her brothers—a little while, and then, suddenly, was taken into the mystery of higher life, and is with us now only as a lovely memory. What the unfolding of such a mind must be in that other school, we have not the power to imagine—but we sometimes long to know.

ARTHUR STEWART BAKER.

Arthur Baker, and Lucy, his sister, eldest children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker, were Academy pupils when Mr. Butler was principal.

Their mother was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Corey, of Stanbridge village, pioneers, belonging to the family who originally settled on Stanbridge Ridge.

Bishop Stewart, of beloved memory, was the friend and benefactor of Mrs. John Corey in her youth, and in memory of him Arthur received the name of Stewart, a name which one should be proud to bear. There were three younger children in the Baker family, Caroline, Julia and Ernest, who were students at the Academy in later years.

Arthur, having completed his Academy course under Mr. Eastwood, served a year's apprenticeship as clerk with his uncles, John and Lyman Corey, at Stanbridge

Station; then, making a long step, he entered the employ of Morgan & Co., one of the oldest and best commercial firms of Montreal. He remained with Morgan & Company three years, when he entered the service of the Eastern Townships Bank at Waterloo, where he remained until 1875, when he came to California with his wife, Miss Susan Foster, daughter of Hon. A. B. Foster, of Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker have brought up a fine family of Californians, a son and four daughters, all worthily filling their places in business and society.

It does an old comrade good to get the cordial grip of Arthur Baker's hand and hear his hearty laugh. He has many a good story of old Missisquoi, and he is a clever *raconteur*. "He makes you see it all," said one of his audience during a "Stanbridge evening" at Gulian Rixford's, when every one was laughing. But the stories were not all humorous; there is pathos, and even tragedy in the memories of the old days in Missisquoi.

Having quite recently revisited Stanbridge, Mr. Baker was asked how it appeared to him.

"Better," he answered quickly, "particularly the trees. And the farm houses are better than they were when I was a boy; the people are better off; they get cash for their produce now. In old times nearly everything was charged; it was a system of barter: The dealers tell me that now nearly everyone has the cash to pay, and so I infer they are better off."

This recalls a reminiscence of Mrs. Bryan-Richardson's. She remembers that when she was a child in the village school, if a broom was to be purchased, each scholar brought an egg, or a sufficient number was collected, to exchange at the store for a broom.

"There was another Stanbridge boy," said Mr. Baker, who has had an interesting success:—

JOHN JOHNSON.

was for some time a student at Stanbridge Academy. His father was a Scotchman, who had been a teacher in Bermuda. Coming to Missisquoi, he settled on a small farm in North Stanbridge; it proved literally a hard bargain, for it was mostly stone. An ordinary family might have been in danger of starving there, but the Scot is hard to beat. Young Johnson was a student at the Academy; afterward he taught a school near the village, but tiring of that, he decided one winter to cut cord-wood from the farm. He hauled his wood to the village, two or three miles away, and sold it for \$1.50 per cord. This also was too slow for him, and striking out he made his way West, finally locating on some Government land in Nebraska, situated pleasantly on the bank of a river. A few years later, a railroad survey crossed his ranch. Wishing to build a station on the opposite side of the river, the railroad officials interviewed the owner of the land, and asked his price for a few acres. Seeing the chance of his life, the farmer named a large sum. The railroad men, disgusted, went across to Mr. Johnson. "Gentlemen," said the young Scotch Canadian, if you will put a station on my land, I will donate as much as you need." The result of this sweet reasonableness was a flourishing town, having a few years ago a population of 3,000, and Mr. Johnson, president of the bank, spending his winters in Southern California, where, later, he took up his residence. Being in San Francisco one winter, he looked up his old school-fellow and neighbor, Arthur Baker, and related his adventures. He revisited Stanbridge sometime later. Afterward, accompanied by his wife, he went to Europe. After their return home, his Stanbridge friends received news of Mr. Johnson's death.

CHARLES A. GROW.

This member of the colony will be most clearly recalled as "Charley Grow," from Essex, Vermont. He was a Stanbridge student in 1860. Mr. Grow's sentiments will be best given in his own words: and no doubt they express those of many another man who is suddenly called upon to give his experience:—

"I have yours of ————, and am rushed back forty-eight years by its reading. It is so far in the past, so much has, since then, come into all our lives, that I, for one, find myself dazed in an effort to collect thoughts sufficiently connected, or of a nature tangible enough to give you any information that would seem to me worth publishing in the form you propose. Yet I am in sympathy with the work as outlined.

"I remember, very distinctly, Mr. and Mrs. Butler and Mr. Butler's interest in and efforts with me. I went under his tuition chiefly to learn French, and after a reasonable trying out, he was honest and kind enough to tell me that I would never succeed under his methods, advising me to go into some town in the interior where all were French, and turn myself loose among the people.

"I came to California in 1868 under an engagement in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad, and remained with them until 1885 as auditor of the M. P. and M. Dept. I resigned from that service to enter the employ of Mr. Moses Hopkins, as his business manager, and remained with him during the rest of his life. I was one of the executors of his estate, and was afterwards appointed by his widow as her business manager, which position I still hold.

"I was married in 1866, in St. Albans, Vermont, to Miss Minnie P. Haynes, of Burlington, Vermont. We have had two children, a son and a daughter; our son died in this city in 1887; our daughter married Mr. A.

I. Mosely, and they live in Oakland with their very interesting family of six children."

There is but little to add to this model letter, given here in part. In addition to its modest record of an exceptional career in connection with great enterprises, it reveals the characteristics of sincerity and courtesy, and the grace of benefits *remembered*. Moses Hopkins, who took him from the company's office into his own individual service, was one of California's railroad magnates. He had watched the young man's methods, and knew his worth. At Mr. Hopkins' death, Mr. Grow found his faithful and important service rewarded by a bequest that was in itself a fortune, and he was honored by being appointed one of the executors of the immense estate. That this trust was executed with characteristic fidelity and wisdom is proved by his being retained as business manager for Mrs. Hopkins. Mr. Grow is wrong in considering his history of no interest to us; many an old school-mate will be glad to find him on our list of successful men. That his connection with our Academy was not long does not matter; it does not always take years to make a lasting impression.

HOMER P. SAXE.

Another long-remembered student who was for a short period at Our Academy is Homer Saxe. He was at Stanbridge in 1863, or '64. The chief treasure which Mr. Saxe brought from Stanbridge, and which he gladly retains, appears to be his friendship with Windsor Rice. They often meet in San Francisco, and Homer declares that Windsor is "the same old boy, and a good fellow." This may also be truthfully said of Homer Saxe, although he is certainly more sedate and dignified than in his school-days, and his wit and drollery are less

rollicking. After the breezy days of youth, he became an active and successful business man in partnership with his father, Peter Saxe, a brother of Saxe the poet, and a cousin of Matthew Saxe of Stanbridge. Homer is now the only surviving member of his family, and has practically retired from business. He has never married; he "takes his ease at his inn," and among his many friends, free from the cares and responsibilities of the family man.

THE FAIR HILLS OF MARIN.

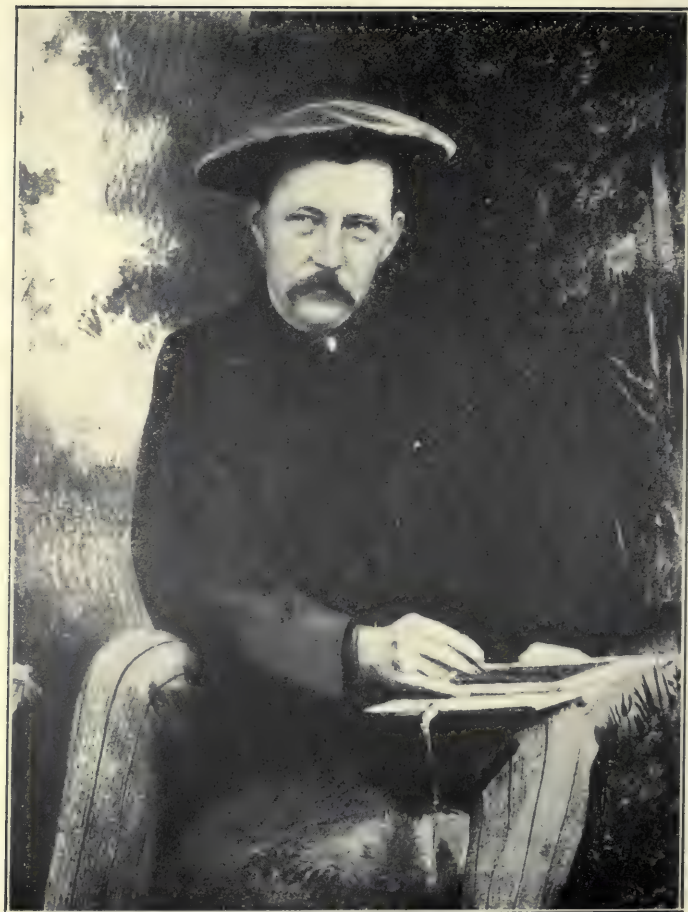
(By the other member of the Colony.)

O sun-loved hills! O bright encircling band!
 The mystic spirit of autumnal days
 Hath woven for your ritual of praise
 A veil of silvery splendor. So ye stand,
 In soothfastness, to bless the harvest land.
 O sunny slopes with purple shades a-bloom,
 Like gold-set amethysts, or tender gloom
 Of leaf-hid grapes when vintage is at hand!
 On far, dim heights, against an azure sky,
 Stand giant sentinels, patient, sublime,
 They hear the great waves calling, and the cry
 Of wide-winged sea gulls. Through all winds of time,
 Through mighty storm-winds blowing from the west.
 They stand undaunted on that sun-loved crest.

On those fair hills nor grieving, nor unrest,
 Have leave to break the enchantment of a dream.
 The wild bird's song, the murmur of a stream,
 A chattering squirrel peering from his nest
 To fling abroad a merry woodland jest,
 Are wonder-weaving charms. The laurel tree
 And stately redwood yield their incense free,
 Unasked, unmeasured, to the unbidden guest.
 Enter who will, for Nature's doors are wide,—
 She will not ask your station or your creed;
 By one rule only must her guest abide.—
 Then, at her threshold hearken and take heed—
 'Tis writ above her portals, large and clear:
 "Abandon *care* all ye who enter here."

J. H. S. B.





ALLAN EDSON.

CHAPTER X

SOME OF THE OLD BOYS.

ALLAN EDSON.

CANADIAN ARTIST.

ALLAN EDSON might be called a Christmas child. He was born at Stanbridge Ridge, December 18, 1844, in good time for Christmas gifts; and he received them. Just what special gift Mother Nature had bestowed upon the blue-eyed, sunny-haired boy, was not fully revealed for a good many years.

In a small and very select school, near Stanbridge village, taught by Miss Seraph Thomas, Allan received his first lessons in drawing, but did not then show special talent. He was only nine years old, and the first principles of pencil drawing evidently did not inspire him. The gift was still a secret between Nature and the boy, and not yet understood by him; but it was in his temperament, and in his dreams. When the Academy opened, two years later, with classes in drawing and painting, Allan learned a little more of the alphabet of Art, Mrs. Butler being one of his instructors.

The Edsons were then living in the village, Mr. Edson being proprietor of the principal hotel. It was a quiet house, situated conveniently at the entrance of Academy street, with pleasant upper rooms commanding a fine view of river, fields and hills. The teachers found it a homelike place to board.

Dr. Gilbert speaks in warm praise of the family,

particularly of Mrs. Edson, with "her bright shrewd smile and kind thought for all, making it a real home." He recalls Allan's charm as a young boy. He was indeed just such a boy as one would expect an artist or poet to be, dreaming and gentle—such a youth as often tries the patience of a teacher, for the dreams will come and claim all seasons for their own.

"Allan!" said Mr. Butler one day when the boy sat gazing into space, his book forgotten, "Allan, what are you looking at?" "Nothing." "Well, how does it look?" said Mr. Butler, with a twinkle. But Allan was bright enough, and playful, with a fund of quiet humor and good fellowship. Although none of those boyhood visions lived to be put on canvas, there were others in store. His gift was growing, and in good time it drew him to the silent places of woods and streams, amid the sanctuaries of the hills. Nature, patient old teacher, revealed to him the beauty of the far blue mountains in summer shine and morning mist, or snow wreaths of winter; the forest splendor in autumn, and the exquisite tints of the Canadian winter sky. He interpreted it all lovingly and with growing power, until, one day, Canada was startled with the announcement of Allan Edson's death. And when his ears were closed to all words of love, and his eyes, blue as the depths of his native sky, could no longer kindle at their praise, his friends proclaimed him what he was meant to be—"a great Canadian artist."

But he was not without appreciation in life. Many of his best paintings are held by wealthy citizens of Montreal. The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, purchased two of his pictures for presentation to the Queen and they were hung in Windsor Castle.

The collection of the late J. C. Baker, of Stanbridge East, his first patron, contains some of his pictures.



REV. DR. E. H. KRANS.

Of Allan's four sons, two are said to have considerable artistic talent, but do not, like their father, "follow the gleam." For him, there was no other way.

From the notices and tributes published at the time of his death, the following have been taken as giving, briefly, the chief events of his life and career. The closing prose-poem, a tribute from an unknown friend, is a wreath of fadeless flowers laid upon his grave:—

"A SKETCH AND A TRIBUTE.

"Allan Edson Gone! Death of a Great Canadian Artist..

"There died at Glen Sutton, Quebec, on Tuesday, May 18, 1888, after a brief illness, one whose name stood high on the list of Canadian artists. At an early age Allan Edson displayed considerable talent in landscape sketching. While still in his boyhood, he came to Montreal and studied under the late Mr. Duncanson. His rapid progress aroused the sympathy of the late J. C. Baker, of Stanbridge (a relative by marriage), who sent him to study in England, under Mr. Holyoke. His success as a landscape painter was assured, and after a year's study in England, he went to Paris, and was for about four years under the great master, L. G. Palouse. This gentleman stated to Mr. Wm. Scott, of Montreal, an intimate friend of Mr. Edson's, that he was the most promising student he ever had, and that in a short time Edson's ability would equal his own. Returning from Paris a year later, Mr. Edson settled at Glen Sutton, where he has been painting a number of winter scenes, which will be sold shortly. His contributions to the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon were invariably accepted, and were hung in most prominent places. His sympathies were largely concentrated in French work, for which he displayed commendable aptitude.

"Mr. Edson leaves a widow and four children, for whom much sympathy is felt."

From another account:—

"When a youth, Edson was for some time engaged with Mr. A. J. Pell, the art dealer, as bookkeeper; his penmanship being bad, Mr. Pell thought he might be of more service as an artist than a clerk, and accordingly sent him upstairs to work with his brush. This is said to have been the beginning of his career as an artist. He became acquainted with the artists who visited the store, among these being Mr. C. R. Jacobi and Mr. Adolph Vogt, who gave him occasional assistance in his work."

From the "Montreal Gazette:"—

"A wreath of laurel to his coffin, and lay him on the Royal Mountain amid the wild flowers that he loved and drew so well. Allan Edson! A native born Canadian artist, a true son of the Townships who, even in foreign scenes of inspiration, remained true to the boyhood impressions of the Missisquoi woods, the Shefford hills and the blue Magog waters. The last time I saw him in Pell's Gallery, as he spoke, sitting in front of an easel that held one of his own landscapes, his talk was modest, but agreeable because steeped in art."

REV. EDWARD HORATIO KRANS, LL.D.

Among the names that stand out on our first year's student list, made conspicuous not only by their school-day associations, but by the places they have since occupied on greater rolls, not the least interesting is that of Edward Krans—"Ed. Krans" in the days when "nick-names" pleased us best, and seemed to bring us into pleasant comradeship—the pet names of school-days.

Edward began his preparatory course at Dunham Academy, under the tuition of Principal Wilson Parmelee; he was accompanied, literally, by his sister, Harriet, for they drove from their home in St. Armand East, a distance of six miles. "I remember," says Charlotte Krans, a younger sister (now Mrs. Wm. Mead Pattison) "that there was very little snow that winter, and they drove over those bleak hills perched up in a wagon."

The next year, Stanbridge Academy was opened, and Charlotte joined them in their daily pilgrimage to the new shrine of learning. "The distance was then shortened to four miles," says Mrs. Pattison, "but that was long enough on a cold winter morning, if there had been a storm the night before, with a high wind, making the road almost impassible." But to offset this, and the discomfort of the rainy season, there were the pleasant summer mornings and evenings, for

"Taking the year all round, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun."

At Stanbridge, moreover, there was a refuge for them in stormy weather, in the home of their aunt, Mrs. Martin. At Mrs. Martin's also was their cousin Horatio Bingham, and later, his sisters Stella and Lydia, from Brockville. Another cousin was Mary Smith, sister of the late Peter Smith, of St. Armand. All were clever and charming young people, and when together, under the Martin roof, there must have been lively times.

Charlotte Krans was then only a child of ten years, and naturally her memory of that first year is, as she says, "hazy." She chiefly remembers about Mr. N. P. Gilbert, that he had very curly hair! Others have spoken of that; it was abundant, and worn long, in the picturesque fashion now sacred to art; it was impressed

upon Charlotte's mind by a remark of Miss Curtis, who said it was eating "frizzled cabbage" that made it curl! "Miss Curtis was very jolly," says Mrs. Pattison. She does not remember being at Stanbridge the second year, but Edward at least was present, for Dr. Gilbert remembers him as one of the bright boys in his Latin class. He was a boy of fine spirit, earnest and conscientious in his work, and of attractive personality.

The following year, an academy having been opened in Frelighsburg, the Krans pupils were transferred to the home school, but in 1860 Edward returned to Stanbridge for a short time to complete his preparation for the University.

Writing of this many years afterward, Dr. Krans said: "It was not my privilege to be one of Mr. Butler's pupils for I think more than a term and a half, but the time was sufficient to learn to appreciate the many qualities which made him so efficient as a teacher, and which called out, to such a marked degree, the esteem and affection of his pupils."

Dr. Krans proved his own loyalty by adding: "Your letter stirs the old school-day memories which I like at times to recall."

The next year, '61, he entered McGill University, where, at this time, Stanbridge Academy was represented by a number of fine young men, most of whom were law students. But, although Edward Krans was one of these, he did not, finally, choose the Law as a profession; the call of the Church was stronger. The year after graduating, 1865, he was principal of the Frelighsburg Academy; the following year he entered the General Theological Seminary of New York. There was no further question of vacation; in due time he took up his work with joy. After his ordination to the

priesthood, by Bishop Eastburn, of the American Church, he became Vicar of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, where he remained for several years, Subsequently, he was associated with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Anne's Church, New York.

St. Anne's was known as the "Church for Deaf Mutes, and others." The pastor, Dr. Gallaudet, was the founder of the educational work in America among "the silent people." St. Anne's, their first parish, was founded in 1863. It was not exclusively for deaf mutes; they were indeed the minority, but the name emphasized the fact that it was their spiritual home by right and not by courtesy.

In 1897, St. Anne's was united with St. Matthew's, of which church Dr. Krans then became rector. A separate church, known as St. Anne's, was to be built in the parish for the deaf mutes who remained the especial charge of Dr. Gallaudet and his assistant, Dr. Chamberlain.

In Dr. Gallaudet's first sermon at St. Matthew's, after the union, he said, referring to Dr. Krans:—

"My dear friend and brother, with whom I have worked for twenty-four years, became, a few years ago, Rector of St. Anne's, I assuming the position of Rector Emeritus."

In considering Dr. Krans' connection with the work among deaf mutes in New York City, we are reminded that John Gilbert was at this time giving his earnest attention to their education in their Institute of northern New York; it recalls the fact that they were together in Stanbridge Academy in the winter of 1856, and we are wondering if they ever met, or even hailed each other in passing, out on the ocean!

Dr. Krans was happy in his home relations; he married, in 1872, Miss Charlotte W. Sheafe, of Boston.

There were born to them two sons, Dr. Edward and Horatio, Ph.D. Both are young men of marked talent in literature and science.

Mrs. Pattison, being asked for some notes of her brothers' school days and home life, wrote in reply :—

"I do not think of anything special to tell you of Edward's school days, but I am sure he was unusually diligent and faithful as a student. He was quick to comprehend and had a very retentive memory; he could study with people talking around him and children climbing over him. He was thought much of by both teachers and pupils.

"I remember him best as in later years, when it was his delight to have the old homestead filled to overflowing with his brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, for a few days or weeks every summer; he spared no trouble to make all enjoy themselves, which they always did, and this season was looked forward to, especially by the children, with the greatest pleasure. He had a vein of humor which made all feel happy and at ease, and made him a most agreeable and entertaining companion.

"He was an enthusiastic lover of nature, always seeing something new to admire in this beautiful world. He gloried in the lovely sunsets we used to have in St. Armand, and would get us all out for a walk after tea to view them. He was the best of sons and brothers, and we miss him more than we can tell."

His death occurred April 6th, 1900, at the age of fifty-seven. From a memorial, published April 9th following in "The Churchman," we quote these words of eulogy and regret which follow a sketch of his career as student and priest :—

"In all these relations, he won the highest esteem of his people. He was an active member of the New York Churchman's Association, and of the Clericus, where he

was alike appreciated and became an exceedingly popular personality among his brother clergy."

The tribute closes with the following resolutions:—

"That in the removal from earthly life of the Rev. Edward Horatio Krans, LL.D., the clergy of the city and diocese are keenly appreciative of the loss they have sustained in the departure of an associate who was respected and loved for his graces of culture, his genial wisdom and earnest sympathy:—

"One whose academic career was scholarly, brilliant and crowned with honors, who in later life was justly respected and esteemed for his personal consecration and professional fidelity"—reminding his family of "the inestimable legacy he has bequeathed to them in a record so unusually fair, and in the memory of his refinement of mind, his purity of heart and excellence of character."

Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Times" says:—

"Rev. Edward Horatio Krans is the son of George E. Krans (U. E. L. descent), by his wife, Mary Bingham. Born at St. Armand, P.Q., he was educated at the Frelighsburg Grammar School, at the Dunham and Stanbridge academies and at McGill University, where he obtained a Governor-General's scholarship (B.A., first rank honors in logic and gold medalist in English literature, 1865), M.A., 1875; LL.D., 1887. He studied law for a time with the late Sir John Abbott, but subsequently entering the General Theological Seminary, New York, where he was class president, he was ordained to the diaconate in the Episcopal church 1869, and became assistant minister of St. Mary's Church, New York. Subsequently he was rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, 1869-74; associate rector and pastor

of the Hearing and Speaking Congregation of St. Ann's Church, New York, 1874-92, and since the latter year was vicar and rector of that Church. He was a trustee and first vice-president (the Bishop of New York being president) of the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes; president of the New York Graduates' Society of McGill University, and president of the N. Y. Churchmen's Association. He was one of the originators, and during two terms president of the N. Y. Clericus. Dr. Krans has published sermons and other papers. He married in 1872 Miss Charlotta W. Sheafe, Boston, a descendant of the Wentworths of New Hampshire."

In the beginning of this work, while contemplating its discouragements and its possibilities, the writer could but explain, "Oh! that one could realize the ideal of what such a book should be!"

Immediately, upon taking up the copy of an address delivered by Dr. Krans at Stanbridge, this passage presented itself:—

"An ideal is a thing existing only in the mind. We need ideals for inspiration and aim; we reach forward toward them, going on toward perfection, and the exercise does us good, only we need to remember that the ideal is never reached in the flesh. Our work is fragmentary and unsatisfactory, but if we do what we fairly can, we need not dread the result.

"The fruit of our labors may not be seen by us, but it will gladden the eyes of others, and the reward will come when the books are opened and the throne is set."

Thus, out of the silence of the grave, as it were, came the voice of our friend, bidding us go on with hope and courage.

MALCOLM ROSCOE MEIGS, M.D.

This schoolfellow, of beloved memory, has not a long list of achievements to be recorded, for he died in the early years of his career, but had he lived until a more recent period there would have been an interesting chapter to his credit, for he was of the type of men who do worthy things, whose ideas of duty are not bounded by the narrow limits of self-interest. Even now, could his deeds of kindness, those impulsive expressions of his warm and generous heart, be written out, and enlivened by characteristic sayings, wise and witty, uttered in his own inimitable manner, what a chapter it would be!

Malcolm Roscoe Meigs was the son of the late Daniel Bishop Meigs, a prominent business man of Bedford, Que., and a younger brother of D. B. Meigs, M.P. for Missisquoi. He was one of the talented young men who fitted for college under Hobart Butler at Stanbridge Academy, in the period commonly spoken of as "the palmy days" of that school—one of the boys who were especially dear to Mr. Butler's heart and pride.

It should not be inferred that those were the only young men of talent who were students there, but the younger set, in general, were of a commercial and industrial turn of mind. It was for such pupils, both boys and girls, that Mr. Butler made his eloquent protest to the Council of Education, in the Convention of 1876, against the withdrawal of Government aid from certain of the superior schools.

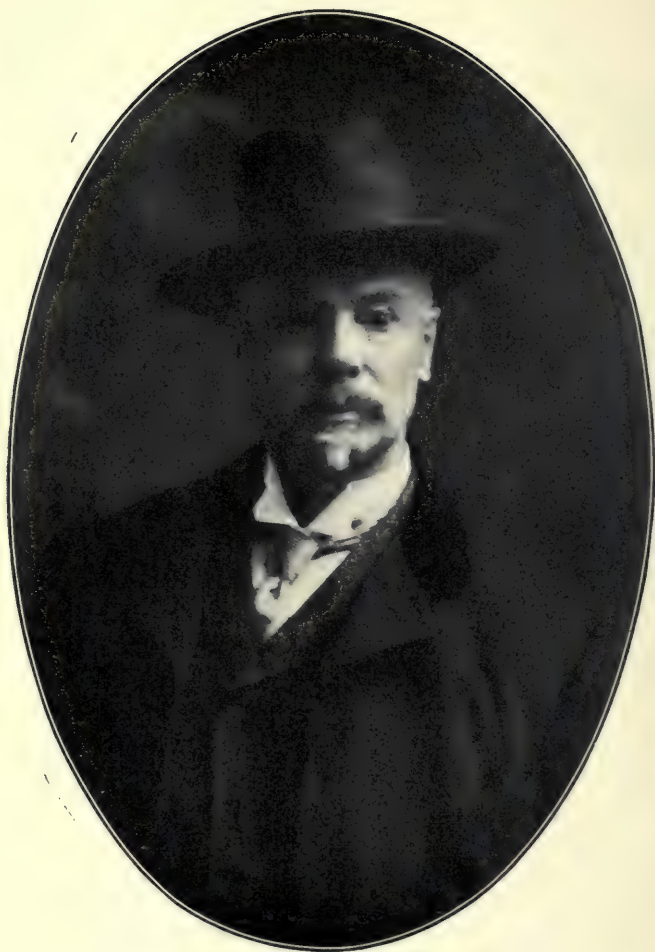
Being uncertain as to some points relating to Malcolm's University career, Emmet H. Rixford, his most intimate friend, the "chum" of his student days, came loyally to our aid with a tribute to "Mac" and to his Stanbridge school friends in general:—

"Malcolm Meigs was a warm, true friend, a genial soul, a witty but practical, common-sense man. At Stanbridge he was contemporary with Judge Lynch, Ben Seymour, Irving Briggs, Lucy Buck, Julia Meigs, Dora Cornell, Agnes Scagel and many others whom I remember with tenderness, and whose names you have doubtless supplied. God bless them all! Malcolm entered the University of Vermont. Like most of the boys who fitted for college under Mr. Butler, he entered in 1859, and must have left in his Sophomore year, 1861. He then took a course in medicine at McGill University, where he received the degree of M.D.

"Malcolm, as we all remember, married Jane Chandler, whose wit and cleverness appealed to him, as it did to us all." (Her former teacher, Dr. Gilbert, refers to her as a girl of rare charm of mind and manner). "She made him a bright, happy companion and wife until her death, after a brief married life.

"Dr. Meigs was a good and successful practitioner; he was honored by his neighbors, and loved by his patients and friends. He was a public-spirited man, and actively interested in all that concerned the welfare of his county and the country at large. Two years or so before his death he married Miss Harriet Slack, younger daughter of the late Dean Slack, of Bedford. She also was a bright and charming young woman. They had a daughter, his only child, born a few months before Malcolm's death. He died at Bedford in 1875."

Many examples could be given, did space permit, of Malcolm Meigs' charm of manner, his quaintness of expression and vigorous declarations of conviction on subjects which aroused his enthusiasm. He was sensitive and deeply sympathetic, but he usually tried to hide it by a droll brusqueness of speech, which never deceived



MAJOR C. CONSTANTINE.

his friends. With his patients he was tender and gentle. At the time of his death one of his appreciative friends said, among other words of praise: "When off duty, who of his companions ever met him and was not entertained, pleased or instructed? Who in sickness or poverty ever appealed to him in vain for charity or professional attendance? Long shall he live in the memory of man." Would that he could have lived to journey on with the rest of us; life for so many would have been made pleasanter and easier.

MAJOR CHARLES CONSTANTINE.

CONTRIBUTED BY HIS SISTER, MISS MARY CONSTANTINE.

Charles Constantine was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, England. He came to Canada with our mother when a very young child, my father having come previously to this country. They lived in Lennoxville about three years. Later on, my mother went to England on a visit and returned with her two children, Charles and myself, joining my father at Waterloo, he having been sent to assist the English clergyman at that place. Later we spent six months at Dunham and then came to Stanbridge East.

As young children, we were taught at home, and sometimes had a French governess. Later we all went to England, where my younger sister, Margaret, was born. While my father was in charge of the parish of Hugh Town, Scilly Isles, in the absence of the vicar, Charles was placed in a school at Penzance, Cornwall. Returning to Canada, he was a pupil under Mr. Butler in 1858-59, and a short time under Mr. Eastwood, then to Bishop's College School at Lennoxville, afterward to the College at Marieville, Que., for the French language.

He then entered the Military school at Quebec, where he took his certificate. After that, he was, for a short time, with a wholesale business firm in Montreal; but he could not bear the confinement of the warehouse and returned home.

At the time of the first Riel Rebellion, 1870, Charles joined General Wolsley's expedition, going over the Dawson route to Winnipeg, then called Fort Garry. He volunteered as private, but soon was made sergeant, and later got his commission. On the reduction of the force, my brother was one that drew out, much to his regret. He then got the appointment of deputy sheriff, and later was appointed chief of the Provincial police of Manitoba. He left that body to go into the "Northwest Mounted Police"—now the "Royal Northwest Mounted Police," to which he was appointed by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1885.

One of Captain Constantine's posts was Banff, where he built the first barracks. He was the first Mounted Police officer sent to the Yukon; he and Sergeant Brown went in one year over the land route; after inspecting the country, he came out and made his report to the Government, bringing with him, in gold dust, the first customs dues. The following year he was sent in with a detachment of police.

The first barracks he built were at Cudahy, and were called Fort Constantine; next he built barracks at Dawson, which were named after the late Commissioner, Col. Herchmer.

Captain Constantine remained in the Yukon three years. After his return east, he was sent down the Mackenzie river to the Arctic, and his late work has been looking after the building of the trail between Edmonton and Dawson—the Government overland

route (team-road) on the Canadian side to Dawson City. During the winter of 1906-07, Captain and Mrs. Constantine "wintered" at Lesser Slave Lake, where there are barracks.

While in the Yukon, Captain Constantine was made a superintendent of the Mounted Police, which gave him the rank of Major.

Mrs. Constantine was Miss Armstrong, of Ottawa; her father was one of the officers in General Wolsey's expedition; at the close of the rebellion he was made sheriff, and his family went out to Fort Garry. They, accompanied by some others, were the first ladies to travel over the Dawson route. Major and Mrs. Constantine have had three sons, only the youngest survives. He is a graduate of Kingston Military College, and an officer in the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery of the permanent force. He is now stationed at Halifax.

From recent memoranda, we learn that in 1905-08, he was in command of the McKenzie district and the road through the mountain as far as the Telegraph Trail in B.C., a pack trail. He is now in command of the Maple Creek district, Province of Saskatchewan.

The leading traits of Charles Constantine's character are honesty, courage and resolution. As a lad, his rather fiery temper would sometimes get the best of him, and, given an equally spirited opponent, disputes were apt to be settled with true British ardor. But years of education and discipline taught him the greater courage of self-restraint, and his record in the Yukon proves that he was not only a wise commander of men, but, as such, in command of himself. He knows when to speak and when to keep silent—in the words of the witty Talleyrand—"Il sait se taire avec beaucoup d'esprit."

In the beginning of his career in the Northwest, while

acting as deputy sheriff, such was his absolute fearlessness and reliability, that, if a desperado was to be arrested in any part of the country, Constantine was the man to go and bring him in. These qualities, regulated by his native intelligence and good judgment, pointed him out as the man best suited to the situation in the Yukon during that sudden inrush of gold-seekers. How well he fulfilled his mission there, the world knows; and it is only because of his modesty, and absence of the spirit of self-aggrandisement, that the world does not know more of him.

After Captain Constantine's departure from the Yukon, the following letter from Dawson appeared in the Montreal "Star":—

DAWSON CITY, N.W.T., July 4, 18...

When the picturesque early history of the Yukon comes to be written, there will be one person who, if not now so conspicuous as others, will be the central figure around which the faithful historian will weave his wonderful story of this land of gold.

The man who first implanted that British law and order, of which we are all so pardonably proud, and whose judicious exercise of shrewd judgment, great tact and unswerving determination, brought out of chaos and gave to the world a mining camp remote from civilization as quiet and peaceable as an old-settled eastern town, is worthy of as high a place in the history of the region as he is in the hearts of his fellowmen.

In Captain Constantine, who left here recently, the citizens fully recognize the man in whom was first personified here, the strength and power of the British flag.

He it was who first came here in 1894—a long time

ago in the annals of this country, representing the Dominion. He it was who explored the region, and returned the following year with a small force of Mounted Police and firmly established that authority which has, thanks to his energy, since been fully maintained.

It was his strong personality that saved us from becoming an unruly, lawless community, and taught reckless adventurers and strong-willed men, who were unaccustomed to restraint, that the law was supreme and must be implicitly obeyed. I do not mean to insinuate that we are an aggregation of ruffians, but it is an admitted fact that some of the toughest of the world's toughs joined the throng which invaded the Klondike for gold, and are with us still. In the earlier days, a weak-kneed official would have been utterly helpless against the wild human elements to be encountered; as usual, one would have made the land a veritable hell upon earth. The emergency needed a strong, brave, determined man, like Captain Constantine, who, whatever the odds against him, never would and never did flinch in the performance of his duty; and who won for himself and the authority he represented, the good-will and the assistance of the whole country.

The beneficial result of his wise policy is now experienced in the peaceful conditions existing; for so thoroughly has he and his gallant little force impressed upon them the supremacy of the law that to-day the spirit of good citizenship is to be seen everywhere. There is, as there has been, comparatively little, or no crime, and when one remembers the reckless, restless class which joined in the mad rushes hither during recent years, this gratifying state of affairs almost surpasses the marvelous.

The departure of Captain Constantine from his post, to which it is feared he will not return, is looked upon as a public misfortune. The whole community bade him and his good wife a sorrowful goodbye and it is safe to say that no man or woman ever left behind them more sincere friends and kindly well-wishers than they did.

The Yukon Order of Pioneers, and the people generally, presented Captain and Mrs. Constantine with addresses, accompanied by a magnificent collection of nuggets, valued at over \$4,000, which was sent to Tiffany, New York, to be made into a suitable souvenir, which will preserve the rough nuggets and be an appropriate and characteristic token of esteem from the Klondike. The addresses were in grateful recognition of kindnesses, and as a testimony to "the sterling integrity and incorruptible impartiality with which Superintendent Constantine has discharged, under trying conditions, the many and varied duties devolving upon him," while of Mrs. Constantine it was said, "she will ever be remembered as one who, by her kindness of heart, and large and generous charity, has shown herself, at all times, a true and Christian woman."

An affecting incident, which tells of the warm spot the gallant Captain and his wife hold in the hearts of the rough miners, was that when several waited upon Mrs. Constantine, and in their unpolished, but open-hearted way told her that if anything happened "the old man," to be sure and send their little boy back to them, and they would look after his welfare. It was a generous tribute to the worth of the man who had gained their esteem and their gratitude.

What puzzles us here is that the man to whom the country owes so much, who has served Canada faith-





DR. GEO. McALEER.

fully and well, as an officer, a soldier, and a mounted-policeman, who has campaigned through two rebellions, who, almost single-handed, accomplished a great work in the Yukon, such as is seldom recorded in history, should not be given greater honor and credit in the East.

We see eastern papers teeming with the praises of other officials for their work in this district, and while not wishing to detract from them any honor, which is their due, we feel that Canada owes her greatest debt of gratitude to the gallant Captain and his brave wife, who has shared with him uncomplainingly the privations and hardships of pioneering in this northern land. We feel, too, that recognition should not be a tardy one, but should be speedy, complete and generous. Whoever may share Captain Constantine's honors in eastern Canada, we know that in the land he served so faithfully, he will ever hold the first place in the hearts of all the Yukoners of to-day and the good work he has done will always remain an imperishable monument in his honor.

GEORGE MCALEER, M.D.

In Bedford, Missisquoi county, of good family, George McAleer was born, and there he spent his early years—a farmer's lad, getting his first education in the village school. There, he says humorously, he learned to "do all the sums, learned the answers to all the questions in grammar, took successive annual prizes when the inspectors visited the school, and was then ready for the higher education and further laurels."

"In the fall of 1859," he writes, "a proud and happy boy was I when enrolled among the pupils of Stanbridge Academy." He was two years under Mr. Butler's instruction and one year with Mr. Eastwood., During the

latter years, he taught the elementary classes in mathematics and the classics. Dr. McAleer writes eloquently of those "three happy, well-spent years," and finds pleasure in recalling them after the lapse of nearly half a century. Upon leaving the Academy, he presented himself before the Government Board of Examiners to obtain a teacher's diploma.

What teacher of district schools in Missisquoi, in the days of '61, and a little later, does not recall with mixed feelings those assemblies gathered in the court house at Sweetsburg, from the various academies, in one general round-up.

Happy for the candidates if the examiners, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, etc., did not examine in terms of a former age and old-world text-books, to the well-nigh fatal confusion of the young examinee, sitting over-awed in their august presence. It was an ordeal that required nerve and presence of mind, almost more than knowledge, for the educational tests were not severe. It is hardly necessary to say that George McAleer, possessing all the requirements, came off easily with a first-class diploma.

The following winter, he had his first and last experience as a school-master. It was at Hancock Hill, St. Armand. There he went through the usual routine, boarding around, and being treated with all the kindness and respect with which all worthy teachers before and since have received in the districts of old Missisquoi. But George, like Cæsar, was ambitious, and having attained his majority, he set out to seek his fortune.

His elder brother had been for a number of years living in Worcester, Mass., and thither George bent his steps, figuratively, for there were stages and railroads

in those days. Arrived in the city of Worcester, he soon found employment as accountant in a mercantile house. But his love of study was unsatisfied, and he wanted a profession; so he began the study of medicine. This he varied with a few mechanical inventions, which were patented, and after some years of the usual litigation, caused by infringements, were sold "for a satisfactory sum."

In 1867 he entered upon a medical course at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and received his degree. But he did not follow his profession exclusively; his restless energy and versatile talents had involved him in other pursuits and enterprises.

An account of all the undertakings, industries and adventures of our Bedford-Stanbridge boy on his way to wealth and position would, of itself, fill a volume. Even in recreation, he may be said to have had a career; as a sportsman he is known from Maine to Florida, from Canada to South Carolina, not only as a hunter, but as a scientific preserver of game.

He tells us that he finds his highest pleasure in literature. He has gathered a large and valuable library that contains many rare old volumes from which he digs up choice bits of ancient lore. The Doctor has also known the joys of authorship. He has contributed to nearly all the best sporting magazines in adventures and also in their departments of nature study. Besides several brochures on Canadian pioneer life, from which we have quoted in a foregoing chapter, he has published a study of "The Etymology of Missisquoi," the Indian name of his native county. This latter work, undertaken for the Missisquoi County Historical Society, won him a place in the "*Geographen Kalendar*," a German publication of note, and has brought commen-

dation from various etymologists and students of Indian History. Copies of this work were presented to the Missisquoi Historical Society for distribution among the members.

His latest publication is a genealogical study of his surname, with history and genealogy of his family, including an interesting correspondence with several Celtic and Gaelic scholars of note.

An important event in Dr. McAleer's life, was his marriage in 1874, to Miss Helen Frances Kendal, an estimable and wealthy young lady of Worcester. They have a beautiful home, where they entertain with fine hospitality.

Dr. McAleer is an honored citizen of Worcester, and has for many years held positions of trust and influence. He is a man of decided opinions, sometimes imperious in his denunciation of what he considers untrue or unjust; but he is equally emphatic and enthusiastic in his commendation of what he believes to be worthy of approval. In friendship he is loyal, with just such a warm and generous heart as a man should have with good Irish blood in his veins. He stands high on our list of worthy and successful men whose careers date from Stanbridge Academy.

WINDSOR VINCENT RICE.

Counting by dollars worth, Windsor Rice is perhaps the most successful man who has set out from Stanbridge to seek his fortune. But he has more than financial success to his credit. Windsor's cheerful face was a familiar one in the old Academy days; his name led the list of students in the first official record, and for several years it was never absent from the roll.

He was, says one who knew him well, a very bright



WINDSOR V. RICE.

and active boy, and had a mind full of advanced ideas for one of his age and environment, but this was characteristic of his family. He was only seventeen years old, but manly in appearance, when he left home and went to Grand Haven, Michigan. He returned to his home in Riceburg, where he resided for some time, but finally wended his way westward and there he became associated in a business way, with a prominent family; through his clear-headed business ability he became a necessity to them, and thus acquired a reputation and experience which was the foundation of future success. He subsequently removed to Salt Lake City, where he engaged in mining operations and easily rolled up a large fortune.

Windsor married Miss Belle Browne, of Dunham (both *belle et brune*), the daughter of the late David Browne and his wife, Catherine Knight, of Stanbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice are united in their ideas of the true way of enjoying life, and the noblest way of discharging the responsibilities of wealth. They share, with less prosperous mortals, their own pleasures and luxuries, they uphold the hands of the world's workers, not only in their task of relieving material want, but in education and other works of real progress.

B. R. SEYMOUR.

Among other boys of our Academy, who have been eminently successful in business, is B. R. Seymour, of Burlington, Vermont, formerly of Frelighsburg, who made a fortune in commerce. He went about his work with a determination and an unflinching industry and energy that we little suspected in his character in our school days. He reached his goal and retired from

business some years ago. He has never married, his widowed and only sister lives with him, and thus, except for the death of his father and mother for whom he made life pleasant in their declining years, his home-life has changed but little.

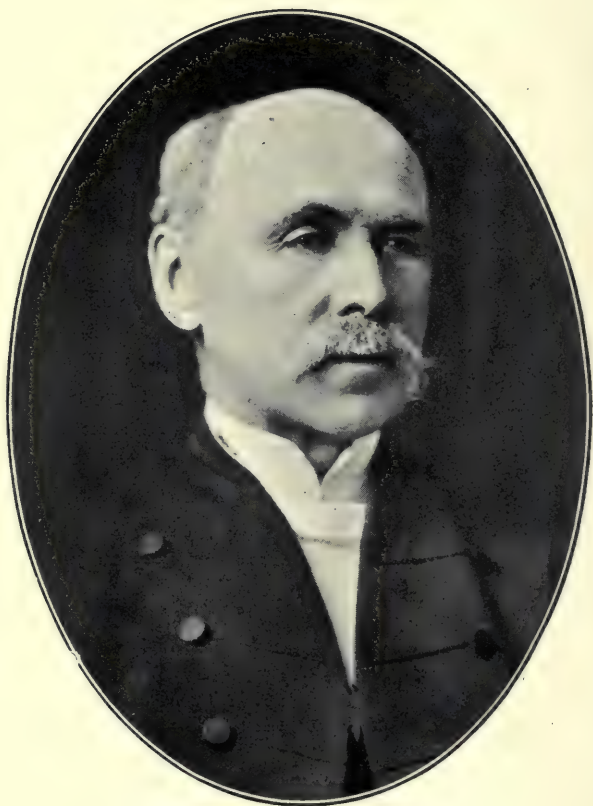
ARTHUR MEIGS.

Arthur Meigs, a younger brother of Dr. Malcolm Meigs, and Mr. Butler's pupil, is a man of wealth and influence in Jacksonville, Florida. No doubt there are others who have been equally successful in a business way; and still others whose success is measured by quite different standards, and yet others whose success is not known of men.

"Before God's footstool, to confess,
A poor soul knelt, and bowed his head
'I failed,' he cried. The Master said
Thou didst thy best, that is success."

DR. NOAH TITTEMORE.

Born near Bedford, P.Q., 14th November, 1834. Was at Stanbridge Academy for several years during the time of the Gilberts and Mr. Butler. Graduated in medicine at the University of Vermont, Burlington, in 1863. Married in 1866 Florence E. Harding, of Lowell, Vt., who died a few years ago. Was connected with the St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., from 1869 to 1871. Was Inspector Health Department, Brooklyn, N.Y., from 1881 to 1887. Was member of King's County Medical and Pathological Societies from 1868 to 1898, and also of Orleans County, Vt., Medical Society, as well as of the Vermont State Medical Society. Has now retired from active practice on account of his health.



HON. MR. JUSTICE LYNCH.

WYATT EATON.

Though Wyatt Eaton was not "one of us," he began his artistic career in Stanbridge under the patronage of the late J. C. Baker, who was one of the first to recognize and encourage his talent. There are several of his portraits here, some of them he declared were among his best efforts, even after he had had a course of study under renowned artists in France. In the picture gallery of the Baker residence are sketches, drawings and portraits of the members of his family. In the Christmas number of the Canadian Magazine, 1908, there is a fine illustrated article written by Charlotte Eaton, in which she particularly mentions Wyatt Eaton's friendship with the family of the great painter Millet, and also his association and intimacy with such well known artists as Chase, St. Gaudens, Will Lowe, Sargent, and others. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gilder were also his warm friends. Wyatt Eaton belongs to Missisquoi. Following a request made shortly before his death, his remains were interred in the beautiful Hillside Cemetery at Phillipsburg. His gentle nature won the esteem and love of the people of Stanbridge during the months he spent here.

HON. WILLIAM WARREN LYNCH.

(From Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of our Time).

Judge Lynch is the son of Thomas Lynch, a native of Ireland, by his wife, Charlotte R. Williams, a native Canadian of U. E. L. stock. Born at Bedford, P.Q., September 30, 1845, he was educated at Stanbridge Academy and at McGill University, where he was an undergraduate in Arts. Later he graduated B.C.L. at McGill taking the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal for

proficiency in Roman law, and he was called to the Bar in 1868. Entering municipal politics he became Mayor of his Township and, subsequently, Warden of the County of Brome, besides serving several terms on the Board of School Commissioners. He was editor of the Cowansville Observer for a short period and was twice president of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers for the Province of Quebec. Created a Q.C. by the Quebec Government in 1879 and by the Marquis of Lorne, 1881, he received the Hon. Degree of D.C.L. from Bishop's College University in 1883, and also the degree of LL.D. in 1905 from McGill University. He represented Brome as a conservative in the Quebec Legislative Assembly from 1871 up to his appointment as a Judge of the Superior Court for the Province of Quebec, July 5th, 1889. He was Solicitor-General in Mr. Chapleau's administration from October, 1879, up to its resignation, July, 1882, and held the Commissionship of Crown Lands in the three following administrations, led by Messrs. Mousseau, Ross and Taillon, finally retiring from official life on the resignation of Mr. Taillon January, 1887. In acknowledgment of his public services he was presented by the Conservative party, September, 1887, with a handsome testimonial. Since his appointment to the Bench His Lordship has devoted much attention to the promotion of Good Roads Associations in P.Q. He was also instrumental in 1897 in founding the Brome County Historical Society of which he has been continuously since the President, and also a like Society for his native County of Missisquoi. He was appointed a Member of the Protestant Section of the Board of Public Instruction in 1897. He is a member of the Church of England and has served as a delegate to the Diocesan Synod. He

married May, 1874, Ellen Florence, eldest daughter of J. C. Pettes, Esq., Knowlton, P.Q.

"A patriot and a benefactor."—Witness.

ALBERT AZRO AYER.

Among the most successful business men from the Eastern Townships, who was a pupil of Stanbridge Academy during Mr. Butler's time, is Albert Azro Ayer. Early in life, after leaving the Academy, he went in to Montreal and learned the business of butter and cheese exporter, then in its infancy; and he is to-day, and has been for many years, one of the leaders in that important Canadian industry. He was born near Frelighsburg and delights, when free from business cares, to return to the old farm for a few days recreation. He has been a useful man in many ways; and the Baptist Church owes much to his zealous and active support.

CHAPTER XI

LETTERS NEW AND OLD.

FROM DR. SIMEON GILBERT.

Chicago, November, 1905.

To J. H. S. B

Your letter of last July came when I was away from home in Vermont, and got mislaid. I have read it with more interest than I can express, an interest at once startling and delightful. How far away that year in Canada seems; but your letter has strangely startled the memory of it into life again. I have never been back to the dear old place; I have wanted to go a thousand times, and yet I hardly dared to do so lest to-day might disillusion somewhat the tenderly haunting dream of the day that is gone.

I have always had a liking for Canada. That school, I still believe, was a singularly good one, a fine spirit pervaded it. So far as I can recall, there was not the least unpleasantness in our experience.

As for my associate teachers, my sister and Miss Sheldon, there is no need to say, at least to you, what rare persons they were. No wonder the impress they left on such a group of young girls has been as happy as it has been indelible.

I thank you heartily for reminding me so vividly of those experiences, and keenly wakening aspirations, and hopes and aims, connected with dear old Stanbridge Academy. Your idea of preparing a kind of memorial

of it seems to me beautiful and befitting; I should greatly like to see it.

As to the photographs, the earlier one, taken before leaving the Theological Seminary, looks, probably, about as I did at Stanbridge, immature enough. The second (1893) appeared in the History of the Parliament of Religions, with which I had a little something to do, the plate from which this was printed, is somewhat worn. The latest picture was taken this last summer (1905). When *at home* (Pittsford) last summer, I found an old picture of my sister Lucia—as in later years she was always called—which I had copied; I will send it to you; I think it may recall her characteristic look, so deeply, kindly intent in its sympathetic perception.

It is Horace Bushnell, is it not, who speaks of one's having a real "property interest" in others. While each has his own absolutely incommunicable individuality, yet how large a part of such personal life is a tremendously mixed affair, made up of what has come to one from so many and so various sources, and other personalities.

December, 1905.

I remember the temperature going down to 40 degrees below zero one day, but with a fur cap and a large gray shawl, such as was worn in those days, wound well around me, it was luxury to be out of doors.

That must have been the time when an excited *habitant* rushed into one of the village stores and announced, "De tamomit he's forty mile below St. Cesaire!"

One evening when snow was deep, but in the roads well trodden, starting out alone for a walk, having on a pair of light rubber boots, I presently found such a springiness in their heels, or somewhere else, and nobody being there to see, I quickly started into a kind

of trot and ran on through the weird woods, two miles, then wheeling round, ran all the way home without breaking gait, four miles in all; so much for the Canadian air!

(And we add, so much for the U. V. Sprinter!)

I never heard frogs croak and sing and shout so gloriously as in that mill-pond one morning before sunrise in the early spring, when I was out for an early walk—I have revered their bravery and good cheer ever since. I blessed them unawares, and the impression made on my mind was indelible. They pitched the tune, as it were, for a life-time.

December, '05.

To T. C. M.

I cannot tell how surprised and gratified I was by the letter from your so-long-time friend, and my so-long-ago pupil. To be so remembered by both of you, was really startling. Although I had never been back to Stanbridge, or seen anyone from there, or even had any correspondence from there, the deep remembrance of the year spent there has lived in my heart with a very distinct interest and a singularly unqualified pleasantness of impression.

There was an Episcopal clergyman (Mr. Constantine) in Stanbridge, who, with his wife, was very kind to me and whom I very warmly and gratefully esteemed.

February, 1906.

To J. H. S. B.

My memory is undergoing quite a renaissance. Thank you for recalling Irving Briggs, and all his father's family, where I found so delightful a home on coming, a stranger, to Stanbridge. It were strange if children of such parents, reared in the spirit and ideas of such

a home, did not turn out well. Mrs. Briggs had a happy way of reminding me of my mother. Among other things, I have never forgotten what a wholesome table I found there. And—shall I say it? I have *hankered* a thousand times for another dish of that succotash with those big, luscious, pink and white beans!

(Charles Dudley Warner said, that summer in his garden, that you cannot make poetry out of beans, but this comes very near it.)

Mrs. Edson, too, was a woman of fine and lovely spirit; she made her home a home indeed for us. I remember well the shrewd, merry twinkle of her smile. Allan appears to have developed decided genius.

I was interested in being reminded of Mr. Blinn, and of Mrs. Blinn (Lottie Briggs) and her sister Nellie. It is curious how the ravelled edges of memory, with their dropped stitches, may gradually get to be knitted up again.

(Concerning carelessness toward present worth.)

The fact is, the world is willing to let a great many fine things pass into the shadows for the reason that it has such abiding faith in the ever-continuing graciousness and productiveness of the generations that are coming on. All the same, it were foolish to disparage the present season's fruitage, and how can one better serve future generations than by serving well one's own.

December 16, 1906.

To T. C. M.

Is it I or you who have been keeping the silence the past two or three months? A pity now for us to "get lost again!"

I spent a month last summer with my sister, Mrs. Thorndyke, at her home, the old family home in Pitts-

ford, Vermont; I was amazed to find the old rivers, forests and encircling mountains so wondrously beautiful, as if they could never before have been quite so fair and lovely. Timely rains had done their best, and nature, more reciprocal than we sometimes are, had answered back in its own glorious fashion.

Please tell me about your family, I am apt to feel a particular interest in "the next generation."

January, 1907.

So you remember the old fur cap and gray shawl—they would be old now! They had much to do with making that Canadian winter a time when it was a delight to face snow-drifts and zero weather.

I have often thought of the exhibition at the close of the winter term. I have always remembered it as a bright, vivacious and beautiful affair. The hall was crowded; every part was finely, some of it brilliantly, done. I think such performances are in many ways of peculiar educative value. To many pupils it was a kind of surprised revelation, as to what they could do.

February, 1907.

To J. H. S. B.

How the thing you mention came to be, I do not recall, I *guess* you could trust your "historic imagination" to prophesy it after the event!

There were quite a large number of exceptionally strong young men in College, in Burlington, about the time I was there from that vicinity (The Quebec Townships). A learned Scotch-English, Congregational clergyman in Bedford, Rev. James Buckham, sent his three sons to college there. One of them has been connected with the University some forty years as its president.

The Academy idea was about that time splendidly in vogue all through New England and New York.

Chicago, April 25, 1907.

Last night we had a thunder storm; this forenoon a snow-storm. May 3rd—An inch of snow fell last night. Are you not happy to live among the roses of California?

December, 1907.

I have just read the immensely interesting historical monograph by Mr. Noyes. A significant chapter in modern, or should one say ancient, history? One can but greatly admire the splendid work begun by the local Historical Societies. The real influence of it must be important, especially in fostering a present-day spirit of loyalty to the best interests of the whole community in one's own generation.

May 26, 1908.

Delighted with Mrs. Morgan's little River-book, a beautiful conception and charmingly carried out. Altogether, there is a lovely unity about it. The Brook, or River, becomes instinct with a kind of ineffable friendliness, fulfilling its varied ministries with superb largeness and freeness of bounty, to all along its course. Though there is a facile changeability in its aspect, the heart of it remains the same, all the way from head-spring to lake; through all the villages and townships through which it makes its perpetual and ever-brightening way, what a sweet way it has of binding them all into a kind of comprehensive "social settlement," as if with an all-pervading instinct of good-neighborhood.

But I do not fully understand the "Natural history" of the book, as to how it came to be. Of course it is for sale somewhere? It seems to me there should be a copy of it in every home along its way.

FROM JOHN I. GILBERT, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT,
TO
MR. ERASTUS CHANDLER, STANBRIDGE EAST.

February 27, 1856.

A few evenings ago, I was most happy to find a letter from you in the office. I hardly know whose name I had rather have seen than yours. I was glad for what I found in it, and also to know that you considered me worthy of a letter from you.

It was lucky for me that I left that sheet of paper in the volume of Shakespeare I borrowed of you. I wish I had left a dozen more!

I have got fairly to work again and find myself very differently situated from what I was last winter, or rather, this winter in Stanbridge. There is little here for us, but the dull routine of College duties, though these are pleasant enough in themselves; yet it seems rather stale after having had such, and so pleasant, a time as I have had this winter, for some of my pleasantest recollections will ever be connected with *Stanbridge*.

I suppose the Debating Society meets again this week, I would like to be there to hear them speak, and what is much more, to see some of my friends, for I flatter myself that I have some there.

I regretted very much not being able to see you again before coming away. I at least wanted the satisfaction of shaking hands with you. For in taking the hand of a friend under such circumstances, there is a mysterious blending of the sad and the satisfying—a something about it that makes us unwilling to dispense with it. You speak of my receiving some treatment that I did not like, and that you may have been concerned in. Be assured that *all* the feelings I entertain toward you

are those of warmest friendship and highest esteem. That the same success may attend *you*, that you wished for me, is also my heart-felt wish.

FROM MARCELLUS EDSON.

June, 1905.

To Mrs. Moore.

After giving details about Allan, which have been told in another chapter, Marcellus adds:—

I am visiting in this city (Montreal). My eldest son, Herbert, and daughter, Dorothea (Dolly), are with me. My youngest son (married) resides at Longueuil—farming. My second son, Ivan, died at Spokane, Washington, January last, leaving a wife and a little girl, one year of age; he was thirty years of age when he died.

My brother Walter died in Milwaukee, May, 1904, after a short illness. My sister Mamie, Mrs. McEvers, died some five years since, in this city, leaving four children, who still reside here. Libbie, Mrs. Robinson, has been residing in London, England, the past five years. Her son Stuart, is still in Johannesburg, doing very well. So many deaths of friends and relatives, in the past few years, makes me wonder why I am still on earth.

It is a long time since I have seen Stanbridge. I often think of it—the old Academy, the old “American House” with Allan’s name cut in the glass of one of the front windows, the little old clock that was still there when I last visited the place, all the people I used to know—your good self, Matt, and Zeb., Uncle James, and Uncle John on The Ridge where I used to be so fond of going. All changed now and young people grown up to take the places of those that have passed away.

(Dr. George McAleer writes of some "Academy boys"):

Niles I. Donaldson was born in Malone, N.Y., I think, at least in the northern part of New York, near the line. He had sand enough, as the boys say, to strike out for himself in boyhood. He came to Stanbridge and took a three years' course at the Academy, "doing chores" for his board and tuition. The good people of the place, God bless them, my mother among the rest, gave him clothing. He was suave, bright and agreeable, and determined to succeed. Being a skilled penman, he taught writing classes in Stanbridge, Bedford and other places. The Civil War was then on, and when he left Stanbridge, he went into the Army. He was detailed to do Hospital work, began the study of medicine and finally graduated M.D.

You can imagine my surprise at meeting him some years after, on the streets of this city. He located here, married a very worthy woman, the daughter of one of our prominent families, and lived a happy life until death rang down the curtain some dozen or fifteen years ago. He and Reid Paige were companions in the flag, and I may say, hair-raising episode.

Paige was subsequently graduated from Vermont University, studied law and was admitted to the Bar. But he, too, is numbered among the departed.

Of course you knew Emily Bangs, formerly of Stanbridge. For several years she was my near neighbor here (Worcester). She died some half-dozen years ago. She married and lived happily with a Mr. Buzzell, a very well-to-do man. Many a pleasant hour we passed reminiscently.

Your letter recalls many valued old acquaintances, and many pleasant memories, which it is interesting to review now in the time of gray hairs and lengthening shadows.

FROM MARY BAKER GILMOUR.

Stanbridge, January, 1896.

I hope the pictures I am sending you will be a pleasant surprise. I know you will laugh when you look at Mr. Butler and the little girls; and it will remind you of our girlhood days when we all went to the old Academy together. And how do you like the other picture? Don't you think we make quite a respectable looking group?

I trust you received my letter and the picture taken the day of the picnic (reunion and testimonial) on the old Academy grounds.

A GLIMPSE OF FANNY BURKE (MRS. LANTHIER).

January, 1897.

Last summer, we all spent a delightful month at the seaside at Swampscott, near Boston. We spent a week in Boston, sightseeing. Mrs. Lanthier, who lives there now, was very kind and showed us all around the city.

August, 1897.

There have been many changes in the appearance of the village within a few years such as pulling down old buildings, and putting up new ones, and a great improvement in lawns and grounds about the houses; and our little village is as neat and pretty as can be this summer.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.

December, 1898.

We have had electric lights put in our village this fall and winter. Mr. Matt. Cornell's two sons own the electric plant. Isn't old Stanbridge booming!

(She writes of the gaities of the village in which she

participates happily; and later, of the Lenten services and church work in which, also, she takes an active interest. She continues:)

The winter roads are in fine condition for driving. There has been but little sickness in the village and every one has seemed to have a good time, giving themselves up to pleasant enjoyment.

I have had a memorial window made this winter by Messrs. Spence & Son (Montreal), in memory of dear mother and Janet; it is to be put in the chancel of the Church. The subject is Charity, a woman giving to the poor; I think it appropriate to the two, as they were both charitable.

I am glad you like "*L'Habitant*" (her gift). I was sure you would enjoy it.

I spend many hours at my piano; it is a fine instrument, and I delight in practicing. I know I am getting old, but I shall never give up my music for that.

Here follows the last letter (although there was a card later which was the very last). It bears the beautiful crest and motto of the Gilmour family, which now has a new significance, and message—"In Lumine Ambulo," I walk in the Light.

November, 1900.

Well, my dear old friend, I can almost hear you saying, "how strange that Mary Gilmour does not answer my letter!" Now, remember, you are just as dear and precious to me as ever. I enjoy your letters so much, I read them over and over and talk about them for days after receiving them. Your parody of "Hear me Norma," commencing the letter, delighted me immensely. Now I will tell you all about our own family, and then the news of all your old friends that I can think of. [A long delightful letter follows.]

Of Arthur, her only son, who was at school, she wrote:—"O, Julia, he is a good boy, and I cannot tell you how hard it was for me to send him away from home." She writes of attending the Jubilee Service held in the Cathedral (Montreal), in October previous, and of her great enjoyment of the fine music; of Harriet Chandler's visit to England and the Continent, and her pleasure in listening to Miss Chandler's interesting account of places and people, celebrities—Queen Victoria and the Pope. She asks me to choose one of several magazines which she mentioned, which she wished to send me for the coming year. I left the choice with her.

THE VERY LAST WORD.

December 17, 1900.

I received your letter and enjoyed every word of it. I will write you as soon as possible after the holidays. I sent the order for McClure's Magazine for you, and trust you will receive it all right. If you should not, please let me know. We are all as well as usual, except Dora, who still suffers from her throat and cough; I think she will be obliged to go South for the winter.

February 2nd, came the news of her sudden death; she died January 13th, 1901. At the time I was asked to write a tribute to her memory for publication. I could not—grief at the loss of my friend, so dear and faithful, so thoughtful in giving me pleasure through all the years that we had lived apart, as well as in all the years of our girlhood together and all the sadness of it, made it impossible. It is hardly less difficult now, especially to give a presentment of her real personality. She was widely known, but only the intimate few rightly valued her rare and beautiful character. She was through all her early life a "Prisoner of Affection"

—shut in, and repressed, and enfeebled by an adoring but unwise, because over-careful love; she escaped only through her music. She was a child of genius, and singularly pure-souled. "She was guileless, and thought evil of none," says the one who knew her best, and wrote of her, in 1898, in these words:

"Mary is a beautiful woman, her hair is white, and long and heavy as in her youth, she looks bright and happy, more so than I ever saw her before. She fills her position with dignity and the household affairs are as ably conducted as in her mother's life."

She cannot be put into words, but she must have her place in this Memorial Volume, with the rest of us. As she was loving and faithful all her life, so, we believe, wherever now exists that mysterious part of her that loved and remembered, and now is free to walk in the light, she remembers and loves us still.

THE PASSENGER DOVE.

Bird of the wildwood, thou fair, lone dove,
 Whence upon swift wing dost thou come?
 Why hast thou left her, thy mate, thy love,
 Waiting alone in her sylvan home?

Why stay thy flight by my lone dwelling—
 Why ah, why dost thou linger here?
 Some fond word would'st thou fain be telling—
 Some sweet message my soul to cheer?

In what far sky, the purest, clearest,
 Hast thou met with an angel throng?
 Or was the name of my heart's dearest
 Set in the heart of their wondrous song?

O to interpret the message tender—
 Of plaintive notes, and thy gentle eyes!
 Is it not this—"Dear love remember,
 I await thee in Paradise!"

Stay, fair dove, while the sunset lingers,
Deepening to crimson thy burnished breast,
Touched, mayhap, by those angel fingers—
Then away to thy woodland nest!

So, farewell. For thy gentle mission,
For thy message of hope and love,
For one glimpse of the Fields Elysian,
Take my blessing, thou sweet wild dove.

J. H. S. B.

HARRIET CHANDLER was one of the girls that Mr. Butler was proud of, and is now one of the women of whom we all are proud. After her father's death, time hung heavy on her hands. There were no poor about her lands, nor any beggars at her door—The County Council attended to that—nor had she the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. So she went away to New York, to Bellevue Hospital and Training School for Nurses, long before professional nursing became a popular resource for society women. She has been eminently successful. A clever girl, with many of her father's fine traits of character, her study and her life among the rich and cultured, have developed a magnificent woman, admired wherever she goes.

FROM MISS CHANDLER.

Newport, R.I., November, 1903.

During my recent visit at Home, I went once to Dunham. It was when the Autumn foliage was finest and the woods and hills were beautiful; and I thought of you every few minutes all the way, for I know you would have been delighted to see it all. I never saw the coloring finer than it is this fall.

I must tell you about a wedding I attended at the little English Church in Stanbridge. It was surely the

prettiest I ever saw—and I've seen dukes and things married in New York, when the florist has done his best. The girl friends of the bride "trimmed" the Church (in New York they decorate) with most beautiful autumn leaves, and branches in a most *natural* way, a manner that any artist would have been glad to imitate. The girls did it all in about half an hour, and they did not realize what they had accomplished. You can fancy the pretty church filled with the most gorgeous leafage imaginable, lighted up by the soft afternoon sun of September. The bride was Miss Mabel Crothers, and the groom Philip Moore. The bride was dressed in simple white, with veil, and three pretty little girls threw flowers before her as she came out of the church; the children were too young to be conscious of effect and so were natural and graceful. The whole affair was perfect.

This recalls an incident of Miss Caroline Rixford's home wedding—(Gulian's daughter). As she came in on her father's arm, little Mary, Dr. Rixford's daughter, strewed flowers before her, but reserved some which she scattered around her grandfather while the ceremony was progressing! "I threw some flowers 'round grandpa too," she said.

You speak of Browning—my father never owned a Browning; I remember that he once borrowed a volume, but as he had not a volume of his own, it was not one of the books that he read every day or two. In his last days, he used to sing Burns' songs, and read poetry and ancient history, but it was hard work for him to get through a novel, although he was fond of them when younger.

He liked people—all sorts and kinds—and often shocked *good* people by talking with the bad ones. I

do not think, however, that he was ever contaminated by such association, and I never heard anyone accuse him of doing aught to injure his fellowmen. He had a little money to lend, but would never take more than the legal six per cent., when his neighbors were taking twice that sum; he called it usury, but he did not lose by it, for he died without a cent of debt, and had enjoyed what he called comfort—though to some it would have been poverty. The only luxury for which he cared was books, and he would buy them when he could ill afford it. He would keep them in the barn for awhile, and bring them in one at a time, so that my mother, who was more frugal, would not notice and be fretted by it.

[This letter will show Harriet's "common sensible"—her own phrase—views of "people of all sorts and kinds," the real spirit of democracy that was so strong in her father's character, and also her tenderness of heart and loyal friendship].

Saratoga, June, '1903.

Although there are fifteen thousand people living here all the year round, it is only a village, and, strange to say, they do not look at all like the people who usually live in big watering-places. They look just plain, every day country folk, wear hats that look as if they trimmed them at home! You see, they and their fathers have had their homes here for a long time, and have the good American idea that they are of as much consequence as anybody, and even more than the newrich who come here in the summer, upon whose lavish display they look down with indifference or contempt.

Of a splendid Vanderbult fête at Newport, later, she said, "I did not care for it; I would have much

preferred going to a picnic at Missisquoi Bay (Philipsburg), as I would have done, had I not been unexpectedly called here.”]

Continuing the Saratoga letter:—

You don't know how much I have thought of that day spent with the Rixfords, at your Californian home. I think of it as one of the bright spots in my life. It seemed to take me back to my young days, and I felt young again, though I ought to have felt old when thinking of the many years since we had met, and looking at your grown-up boys and girls. You have so many resources, outside society, that seem to make up for loss of hearing; so much love and affection in your own family, it is not strange that we see the reflection in your face.

Newport, September, 1907.

I am sending you a copy of a photograph of my father, taken some ten or fifteen years before his death, which was in 1884. It is the only one we ever had, except the one Mr. Baker had, done by Wyatt Eaton in charcoal, and which Mr. Baker left to me in his will.

New York, April, 1908.

If Minnie Constantine told you anything at all of our meeting in London, she must have told you all there was to tell. We had dined at the same restaurant, but did not see each other, until we stood side by side paying at the desk. As you can imagine, we were very glad, not having met for years. We spent the rest of the day together, seeing the sights. We went to the “Old Curiosity Shop,” and took luncheon at the old place where Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith used to go. Of course there is a good deal of embroidery about the stories told you by those in charge of such

places, yet Minnie and I swallowed it all, and felt that we had actually sat in the same chair that Dr. Johnson had been in, and almost heard the conversation, and saw the listening Boswell taking it all in. We spent two days together after that, one at Hampton Court, driving there on top of a coach, and another on the Thames, stopping at Carlyle's old home in Chelsea. Minnie left London in a few days and we did not meet again until she came to Stanbridge the next year. Her health, as you probably know, is delicate, but she is full of good cheer and a lovely woman. She has many devoted friends as well as relatives in England. The climate of the Northwest separates her from her brother Charles, and his wife, who is charming.

Judge Lynch writes: "I can't begin to say how delighted I am that some one is going to rescue some of the old Stanbridge Academy 'days from oblivion; and the task could not fall into more competent hands than those of Julia Meigs and Dora Cornell. They were bright stars in the galaxy of girls who graced the old Academy; and what they don't know about what happened in those old days is not worth repeating now. I have been asked sometimes what it was that gave Stanbridge Academy the enviable reputation which it long enjoyed. I have no difficulty in saying that the power and influence centered in one person, Hobart Butler, the principal. I have never hesitated to say that what ever I have been able to accomplish in life is due, in a very large measure, to the training I received at Mr. Butler's hands from 1858 to 1861. It was he who induced my parents to permit me to prepare for a university course—he was irresistible in his determination to make his scholars appreciate the value of a good

education. That he accomplished much in that direction, we have only to look at the names of some of the boys and girls whom he prepared for the battle of life. At the moment I think of Mary Adams, Lucy Buck, Harriet Chandler, Julia Meigs, Dora Cornell, Irving Briggs, Charles Constantine, William Corey, Allen Edson, Malcolm Meigs, Arthur Meigs, Windsor Rice, Ben. Seymour, Gulian Rixford, Emmet Rixford, Noah Tittmore, George McAleer, E. H. Krans, Albert A. Ayer and R. D. Paige. I have reason to remember Stanbridge East for very personal causes. As I lay hovering between life and death in June, 1861, two very dear ladies, Mrs. Edwin Cornell and Mrs. P. P. Hadley, in the absence of my mother, constituted themselves my ministering angels and brought me back to life. I can never forget them."

And who can ever forget the home atmosphere of the Hadley household, Mrs. Hadley smiling and always cheerful—Mr. Hadley who dearly loved children—the elder daughter, Carrie, studious and sedate—the younger, Tinnie, rollicking and boyish—a houseful of contented pupil boarders. Mr. Hadley has gone, Mrs. Hadley, frail, but keen intellectually, has the coziest of homes, with Miss Hadley near St. Albans. Recently she remarked that courtesy and consideration always shown her by her boarder pupils, mentioning particularly Willie Lynch, Albert Ayer, Homer Saxe, Denis Scagel. Her motherly, kind manner toward everyone ensured this treatment. Carrie, Mrs. McKillop, of St. Alban's, Vt., the mother of four promising sons, and Miss Hadley, Tinnie, are true, good women, their well regulated homes have an air of comfort and genuine hospitality; and it is a pleasure, indeed, to visit them.

AUTUMN IN THE WOOD.

Sweet Autumn, wearied with her role of Queen,
Plucked from her brow her fading leafy crown,
Half sadly laid her flower-wreathed scepter down
And passed with music from that fair demesne.
Then Autumn with her splendor filled the scene;
Gave to the wind her cloak of russet brown,
Standing forth radiant in broidered gown
All jewel clasped, of hues incarnadine.

Her golden hair, beneath her crimson hood,
Falling around her like a sunlit mist,
Half hid and half revealed her laughing face
By witching zephyrs and soft sunbeams kissed.
All living things gazed, spell-bound by her grace
So beautiful, so glorious she stood.

J. H. S. B.

DUNHAM WOOD.

"OUR WOOD THAT IS DEARER THAN ALL."

How fares it, Time, within that ancient wood
Where I in youth made happy holiday,
Learning by heart the wood-bird's roundelay,
Sharing the joy of his exultant mood—
Thrilled with the beauty of his green abode?
What hast thou wrought, of splendor or decay,
Among my trees, those warders old and gray
That through the years o'er mystic memories brood?
Still do pale lichens on the boulders grow,
Lifting vermilion cups the dew to hold
And the green mosses deep in sunlight glow,
'Neath waving branches and their sifting golds,
Give me, O Time, one golden, perfect hour
To find my childhood in that sylvan bower!

Beloved mood, still must I muse on thee
And bring to mind thy loveliness serene!
Imaged upon thy beauteous sylvan scene,
Faces and forms long lost return to me.
Dear are the voices borne melodiously
Through thy gray-pillared corridors of green,
Where the old trees unto each other lean

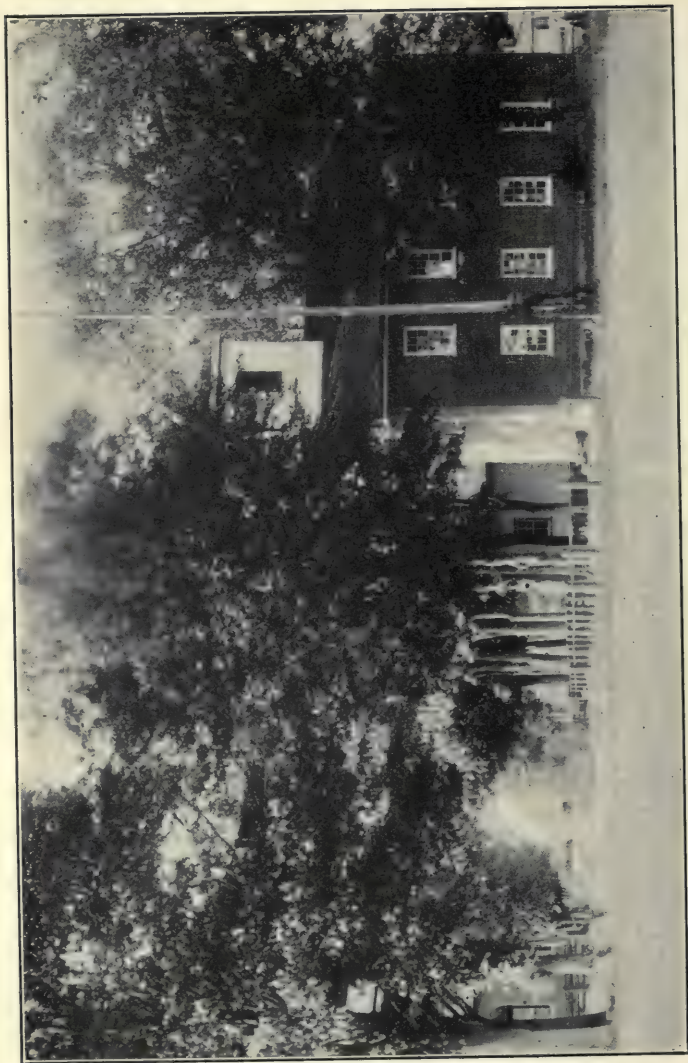
Whispering weird tales of eldic mystery,
Through the long nights wherein I sleepless lie,

Or when in sleep and dreams we steal away,
Like captives from a cell, my soul and I,

Those voices call, and I, must fain, obey.
Yet some there be that mock my loving mood,
Elusive as wild Echo in our wood.

J. H. S. B.





LATER VIEW OF THE OLD ACADEMY.

CHAPTER XII

REMINISCENCE.

IN the biography of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, sometime president of Wellesley College, is found a tribute to the Academy where her education began. It was spoken not only from her heart, but in the sincerity and wisdom of a highly-cultivated mind, a judgment ripened by years of association with the best that the world affords.

"Words do not tell," said Mrs. Palmer, "what this old school and place meant to me as a girl. I am proud to say that I was the daughter of a farmer of the Susquehanna; and for me there can never be another such village as this. I have changed my mind about many things since then, but my faith in the old school has not grown less, but more. Here we gathered abundant Greek, Latin, French and Mathematics; here we were taught truthfulness, to be upright and honorable; here we had our first loves and our first hopes, our first ambitions, our first dreams and our first disappointments. We owe a large debt to Windsor Academy for the solid ground work of education which it laid."

Are not these the words we all would say about our Academy? And let us not omit the acknowledgment of indebtedness—but to whom shall we pay? To the builders? They are gone. To our teachers? Alas! for the most part, they too are gone beyond the reach of any word of gratitude or love. But at least we can

build for them all a cheerful little monument, sacred to happy memories. Let us recall those profitable years, and the companions who were then dear to us. One by one, at first slowly, out of the mists of the past, they rise before us, then more and more, quickly gathering, and

"Lo, what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around!"

What went on, in and around our Academy, when we were all young together? What was our recreation and our sort of fun? It would seem an easy task for each to give at least one reminiscence of that kind, from which to choose the best for this record; but it has not proved so. Each life has been

"So full of a number of things,"

that school-day memories have been crowded out, or become too indistinct to be useful. Many, perhaps, have not held such memories at their real value. There were, indeed, no very startling escapades, or pranks, such as are related by college boys, and sometimes by college girls. Our Academy young people were neither "digs," nor "prigs"; they were sensible country boys and girls in earnest about getting an education, and content with simple recreation and reasonable fun. Nor did the teacher by undue severity suggest mischievous exploits; they were companionable men who appealed to the best in each young mind, and were themselves young and enthusiastic.

Mrs. John Parsonage, whom we knew as Elizabeth Stinehour, was, as she expresses it, "one of the charter members of that venerable institution," having been present at the first session. She fittingly leads in the recital of reminiscences; for she was long identified with the school as a student and an assistant teacher, admired, loved, and looked up to by us all. When she

married, and some years after went away to the Western States to live, she passed out of our acquaintance, but time has brought her home again, and she adds her tribute to our garland of memories.

"During that first winter," says Mrs. Parsonage, "our young men formed a debating society from which the maidens were rigorously excluded. But presumably there was an undefined feeling of something lacking; for when one of the excluded ventured to write some rhymes upon a subject chosen for debate, the young men seized the opportunity to relax their dignity and invite the maidens to attend and participate." John Gilbert was probably the chief promoter of this society, being an enthusiast and afterwards noted, in debate. He mentions the society in a letter to Mr. Erastus Chandler written from Vermont University.

"There was also," continues Mrs. Parsonage, "a mock-trial held, several of the village solons consenting to act as judges. I have forgotten who was the criminal, or by whom defended, but I infer that there was no great excitement, as one of the venerable judges fell asleep during the trial—to the merriment of the spectators.

"When the first vacation was about to commence, for some unexplained reason, a number of the girls were moved to tears, even the merry music teacher became serious. To the rest of us the scene was ludicrous. As one remarked, there was nothing to cry about."

Yet one can understand those emotional young beings that magnified the parting on their first "last-day-of-the term."

"Farewell, farewell, 'tis a lonely sound
And always brings a sigh;"

and

"Who could tell if ever more
Should meet those mutual eyes;"

But all went well, for the writer records: "Vacation over, teachers and pupils reassembled, studies were resumed and continued throughout the year."

The last-day ceased to be viewed in a sentimental aspect, for we learned that the Academy was not to be whisked away like Aladdin's Palace. It is there yet.

Mrs. Caroline Corey Rixford remembers the pleasant days and evenings of the opening year; among her girl friends she recalls Mary Chandler, with her rare beauty, especially as it impressed her on one occasion, and, incidentally, she reveals a mild "lark" of some of the boys:

"A number of the older girls, during Nathaniel Gilbert's year, formed a reading circle. We met evenings in the music-room of the Academy, each taking a candle and a bit of sewing or 'fancy work.' We took turns in reading, and would vary the programme with music. It was all very enjoyable, and we had no fear of being molested. But one evening we were terribly frightened by some one, or numbers it seemed, prowling about, trying to get in at the door and windows, disappearing and returning. Finally, concluding that it could only be some of our own school-boys, Mary Chandler and I went to the door. Mary held a candle, while I stood ready for action. At the next approach, I suddenly opened the door and grabbed—a coat; the boy struggled out of it and escaped, but we had the coat in evidence. It proved to be Virgil Corey's. The memorable part of the affair was Mary's beauty as she stood in the dark entry, shading the candle with her hand so that the light shone only upon her lovely dark eyes, wide-open in fear—her transparent complexion in that soft light, her delicate, perfect features, her attitude, all together made a vision of almost unearthly

beauty, as I now recall it—a wonderful Rembrandt picture; but no art could equal her living beauty as she appeared then. It is one of my sweetest memories.

“Mary’s beauty was too fragile for earth, and she quickly faded from this life, but none who ever knew her, can forget her loveliness.”

“Janey” Chandler, her younger sister, was not a beauty, but she was a girl of rare charm, clever, witty and piquant.

Charlotte and Emily Rykert, from Dunham, twin sisters, were cousins of the Chandlers; they too, were clever and attractive girls, with musical talent, and a gift of laughter.

It was no wonder that Mrs. Chandler’s home was, as Charlotte writes, their “favorite resort from time immemorial; it must have been a merry year that the cousins spent together and not strange that the musical young men often spent an evening there. “Music was our hobby,” says Charlotte, “and we needed no urging to sing our songs. Windsor Rice, in days gone by, has mentioned the pleasure our singing used to give him at recess and noon-time.” Charlotte had an unusual contralto, and Emily a high, clear soprano; their duets gave pleasure to all, especially in “What are the wild waves saying,” which was then new and popular. There was many an impromptu concert in that music room, Calno Baker with his little violin often taking part. (He was afterwards leader of Baker’s Orchestra of more than local fame). How we used to crowd around Miss Sheldon while she entertained us, delighting not only in the music but also in her loveliness. I can see her, seated at the piano—her pretty dove-colored dress and wide lace collar, her brown hair, worn low over her cheeks in the fashion of the period—turning to speak in her sweet manner, to the admiring girls.

As in all schools, a great deal of interest centered in the compositions and declamations. Our "essays" were (chiefly) our own poor little efforts, but declamation had the freedom of literature. That day was Red Letter Day for the school. The girls wore their prettiest ribbons, and the young gentlemen their best neckties. Yet for some, alas! it was a day of anguish, a time that tried boys' souls, as well as their adolescent voices, and many a girl's heart beat in sympathetic distress as she saw her favorite boy friend hesitate, falter, grow red, or pale, and finally go miserably to pieces and retire in confusion. There were others who liked the exercise, revelled in it as to the manner born. Conspicuous among these was Irving Briggs, a clever impersonator, full of fire and force, handsome too, and with such a voice! Who can forget his Cardinal Wolsey, with that deep, despairing,

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!"

Another role was, "Bernardo del Carpio." With that good old favorite, he never failed to thrill his audience. Irving should have gone into opera, but instead, he went into banking, and issued notes, of possibly greater value, from a commercial standpoint. He will always be remembered for the heroic part he played in an attempt to rob the E. T. Bank at Stanbridge.

Edward Krans was a fine speaker, and Willie Lynch had a winning gift of oratory, which has served him well these many years. Emmet Rixford was also a favorite speaker, quiet, graceful, a little diffident, but never losing his poise. He had a characteristic uplift of the chin which he still keeps. His pieces were well chosen, free from anything sensational, and he held

the attention and admiration of the school. Noah Titemore was always at ease, and would give Patrick Henry's great speech in a calm, reflective manner that would have made the impassioned patriot stare. Noah was a thinker, and a dissertation on German philosophy would have suited him better. That calm temperament must have been invaluable in his profession; he became a successful physician in Brooklyn, N.Y. He now resides in Lowell, Vermont. There were other valiant orators among our boys, too numerous to mention; but we must make room for Charley Worden, who will surely be remembered for the pure delight with which he rendered choice pieces. Charley was a good-looking, good-natured boy, with a voice that could have filled the largest auditorium. He could memorize the finest poem or oration, and never miss a word, rendering it with neatness and dispatch, and a wealth of vigorous gesture. For some time he, with his sister and a neighbor, drove to school from home; he used to practice his pieces along the way, particularly through the woodland places, where he would make those old woods ring with orations, regardless of the prayers of the girls, until his sister would exclaim in desperate decision, "Charles Worden, shut up!" He usually did, at that tone. Poor Charley, should he read these lines, I hope he will forgive their levity. It was so long ago, we were all so young, so ignorant and so irresponsibly happy! Charles, like most of us, has since acquired a liberal education along lines not laid down by any college; and he has turned out well as a citizen of Lowell, Mass.

There is a memory of a summer declamation-day that comes now, but only one feature of it is clear, one that made a special impression at the time, a plain

looking little boy, dull and common-place to a careless observer, not dressed up to the occasion, just bare-foot and comfortable that warm day, going calmly and with unconscious dignity to his place, and reciting seriously, and beautifully—"Jesus, I my Cross have taken!"

O, the good, honest, homely young face! the manly little boy, earnestly speaking the piece his mother had taught him from her hymn book! No one expected Abram Hodge to do anything startling, but he did. During the last years of the Civil War, when volunteers were scarce, and large bounties were offered, recruiting agents often came over the line and listed numbers of our young men. After such a visit to Stanbridge, Abram slipped away from his family and joined the recruits, tempted, no doubt, by the visions of wealth and glory which the crafty agent knew how to evoke. They were immediately ordered South and sent at once to the front. In the first engagement that followed, Abram was killed. "Perish every fond ambition"!

I seem to see and hear him saying it in the old Academy under the maples, on a quiet summer day. They gave his mother a pension—God knows how many tears she shed over those monthly installments in the price of her son. So many others! Yes, but this was a Canadian boy, not dying for his country, not even comprehending the cause for which he was sacrificed, a mere lad. Happily for the widowed mother, there were four boys left; they grew up in their Stanbridge home, good, manly sons and honorable citizens. William, the youngest, successor to the business of Pierce & Jackson, is a prosperous merchant. His son Edmund, one of the very best young men, is his partner.

Robert Saxe, too, went to the war; he came home gay

and handsome, admired by all the young ladies, "Rob" was the foster son of Mr. Matthew Saxe.

If poor little Abram was the only one to choose a hymn there was one who chose a sermon; unfortunately it was of the "Hard Shell Baptist" variety, supposed to be humorous. It was in Simeon Gilbert's time. The young man delivered his piece with great boldness and self-satisfaction; he failed to observe the countenance of the preceptor. The coarseness and blasphemy of the thing smote, with double force, the soul of that fastidious young gentleman and divinity student; his eyes grew darker and his face flushed. The speaker strode jauntily to his seat. We could almost feel the silence, until Mr. Gilbert spoke.

"Mr. ———," he began very quietly, "your selection has less wit than vulgarity." Then followed a brief, but effective discourse which was of value to all. There were no more such funny pieces spoken in our school.

Once, during Mr. Butler's time, a good, honest young fellow from pretty far back among the hills, but another may tell this story, since confession is good for the soul.

"As I think of him, I reproach myself for doing on one occasion a mean thing to him; he was an innocent fellow and I confess he put too much confidence in me. He wanted instruction about speaking his piece. I told him that in making his bow, he should throw his right foot far back and bend low, which he did with all the ease and grace of which he was capable; that, unfortunately, being limited, the result was not a happy one. It brought down the house, and I repented." The victim of this practical joke, if he still remembers it, no doubt feels honored to have been coached by a future judge for his "first appearance on any stage."

One more episode of Declamation-day. This is Dr.

McAleer's story and Major Constantine can vouch for it:—

"It was in Mr. Eastwood's time. To Charlie Constantine and myself had been assigned 'Lochiel's Warning.' We had been rehearsing it for weeks, not only to memorize the lines but to thoroughly render the spirit of the piece. Up to this time Charley and I had been warm friends, but in an unfortunate hour, a short time before declamation-day, we got into a violent encounter in a baseball game. Those who knew the English blood of Charley and the hot Celtic blood of McAleer, knew that neither was very likely to give in, and the school wondered what would become of the dialogue that was to have been the special feature of the day. But John Bull's courage failed not and Irish valor showed no white feather; at the proper time we promptly took our places, and threw such realism into our work that at its close the walls fairly resounded with applause. This cleared the atmosphere and Charlie and I were friends again."

There came a term when essays led in interest, it was in Mr. Butler's time. An essay by one of the older boys on "Woman's Sphere," brought out a spirited response from one of the girls; it resulted in a controversy that extended through the rest of the term, the debate from week to week waxed warmer and more exciting, more writers joining in the contest. The leaders among the boys were Abel Adams, Willie Lynch and Wm. Wilson; and among the girls were Maria Martindale, Lorinda Rogers, Mary Adams, Theodora Cornell and others. There were lengthy arguments, parodies, extracts from noted writers, and long paragraphs in Latin. The words those boys invented were almost equal to the famous sixteenth century nonsense word—"Honorificabilitudinitatibus."

On the last day of the term, compositions were on the programme for the afternoon. The boys, being so closely matched in argument, resorted to strategy to get the last word, supposed to be in itself a rare victory over woman. They joined efforts in one long roll of manuscript and appointed Willie Lynch reader. He proceeded with great deliberation; slowly the long manuscript unrolled and lay on the floor—the days were short and the afternoon was quickly passing, but Lynch (the future parliamentarian) read on, pausing sometimes to cross the room and refresh himself with a glass of water. When he “rested his case,” it was so late, and the light so nearly gone, it appeared that the session would be ended; but Mr. Butler, stepping quickly to a window, raised the shade to the top, and called Maria Martindale to read her composition. She arose calmly, and read with splendid effect a paper that answered every noticeable argument of the one just read! The waning light seemed not to embarrass her in the least. The boys were astounded; they probably never knew the secret of that neat little *coup* by which they were out-classed in strategy, if not in argument. It was very simple; certain landladies sympathised with the girls, and selections from waste-paper baskets did the rest. The unique feature, one that would serve in a detective-story was the fact that, owing to a strange freak of vision, Miss Martindale could see very well in the dark, although this was not known in the school. The lateness of the hour and the dim light did not embarrass her in the least, she could have read on till midnight. But few of the participants in that merry war are living now to laugh at this denouement. The contest was enjoyed by all, no ill-feeling was aroused, it was only a warfare of wits. Mr. Butler enjoyed it greatly, but,

wisely and kindly, gave no hint of decision or favor for either side.

The affair that stands out prominent in Simeon Gilbert's year was the exhibition at the close of the winter term; the memory of it seems especially dear to him; after all these years he is still proud of it! Among the star performers was Elizabeth Stinehour, who impersonated The Widow Bedott, a popular character at that period. Jane Chandler had a composition on The Deluge, in which she thus presented the venerable Mrs. Noah:—

"There comes old Mother Noah, wearing that same green dress!"

Jane could make almost any remark appear humorous. Two of Miss Sheldon's little pupils, Mary Baker and Dora Cornell, played a duet on the piano; "Mary keeping perfect time," says Theodora, "and gently touching me with her elbow when I was inclined to hurry." Augusta Gorden recited "The Bridal Feast,"

"Pledge with wine! pledge with wine!"

holding up a glass of imitation red wine, which at the proper moment she dashed to the floor with fine dramatic effect. The rest of the programme trails off into the mist again. Dr. Gilbert says:—"That exhibition at the close of the winter term, I have always thought of as a really splendid affair; all the parts were so perfectly done, and, as a whole, went off like a noble piece of music. I felt at the time, that it was full of promise—it was all so well carried out, with only the gentle tapping of a small bell to signalize the order of the parts." There must have been some cleverness in the coaching as well as in the production.

In Mr. Butler's time also, there were successful ex-

hibitions and concerts, as no doubt there have been in each successive period. There has always been a good deal of musical and dramatic talent in Stanbridge, and among the Academy students from other localities. Among these, was Hattie Eager, of Franklin, Vermont, she was not only dramatic, but she had an exceptionally fine voice—properly developed, it might have become notable, for beside an unusual compass, it had a richness and sweetness that linger in memory. One of her songs, a simple and plaintive little love song, seems to bring back her voice in its sweetest quality—

"A place in thy memory dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name."

The song has a place in a fine collection of favorite poems; to one reader it always recalls Hattie Eager, and the old Academy.

Two of our young men had fine voices, John Corey, a most beautiful tenor voice, and Irving Briggs, a bass of fine quality. There was at one time a glee club in which Corey, Briggs and Ben. Allen were the leading talent, if not "the whole show." A favorite opening chorus was, "Happy are we to-night, boys," and often on the programme would be John's favorite, "'Tis sweet to be Remembered," and "Nelly was a Lady."

In thinking of the old songs, the voices seem to be heard again, though so many of them are hushed forever here. There were numerous concert troupes that took us in, and sang for us; among them, of course, was the good old Hutchinson family, with those expressive countenances. How they would beam upon us Canadians when they gave "Uncle Sam's Invitation,"

"Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
This glorious Yankee Nation is the greatest and the best;
We've room for all creation," etc.—

passing to the pathetic in "Poor lone Hannah, binding shoes."

One of our greatest musical events was the "Albani Concert," upon which we plume ourselves now although, in fact, "Albani" was yet in the future. It was the youthful Emma Lajeunesse, of Chambly, in her first Concert tour, with her father and sister, the father accompanying the songs, rendering classic selections on his violin. The concert was given in Good Fellows Hall, which stood near the Academy, and Corey, Briggs and Allen, all "Good Fellows," assisted. The success of the Lajeunesse family must have inspired another. A French gentleman and his two young daughters, said to have come from West Farnham, gave a concert in the Academy. One daughter had a really powerful contralto voice; she played their accompaniments on a small melodeon. One of her English songs was "Kittie Clyde," wholly unsuited to her voice, not to mention her English. She gave it with great power and seriousness!

"Oh-h 'oo does not know Kittie Claide,
She-e leeves aht de fo-o-t of de heel,
In a sly leetle nook by de babbling brook
Daht carries 'er fadder's-ole meel."

One passage was very effective:—"Oh-h 'ow do I weesh daht I was a fee-eesh." Her voice seemed to descend to the bottom of the stream in search of a "fee-eesh" to be caught by sweet "Kittie Claide." Albani must have had a rival in Farnham.

Recreation was not confined to exhibitions and concerts. Surprise parties became so popular one winter,

and so frequent, that Mr. Butler felt obliged to call a halt, in the interest of education. Mrs. Parsonage remembers his invariable remark, that we were educating our heels at the expense of our heads. But they were gay little parties; and we never really surprised anyone, nor went where we were not sure of a welcome; we were simply informal. A favorite *rendez-vous* was Mrs. Gordon's large, pleasant house, where we were always most kindly welcomed. Mrs. Gordon usually had a number of boarders, the Rixford boys, Ben Seymour, Abel Adams, Albro Phelps and others, at various times. Augusta Gordon, now Mrs. Charles Lapham, was a lively young lady, who knew how to keep things going pleasantly. Orcelia, the younger sister, was a quiet girl, but always kind and agreeable, and loved by us all. Frank Martin was prominent at such times, a clever, but rather erratic youth, and in after years a wanderer. Poor Frank! his was a sad and lonely death in far off California. But no premonition of sadness or evil over-shadowed those innocent, happy gatherings. Sometimes we went out of the village as far as Mr. Blinn's; once even as far away as Charles Warner's, Henry Warner, a brother, being one of us. It was a delightful place, with a large attic that served as a dancing hall; and a host and hostess, who knew how to entertain. Glimpses of that evening's pleasure come back; Mary Whitman's lovely presence and gentle courtesy; Zeno's kind face and cordial friendliness—Mrs. Warner was their step-sister.

Gulian Rixford remembers that evening, especially "the jolly drive in the big sleigh—no seats but plenty of straw and buffalo robes in the bottom. We were upset in a big snow drift on the way home, probably on purpose by the driver—a mix-up but no one hurt."

Gulian follows this with a confession, and reveals an accomplice :—

"On St. Valentine's Day, Ben Seymour and I invested in comic valentines, enough to almost go the round of the school and boarding places, and we greatly enjoyed the sensation they caused. One good woman, who kept boarders, was terribly indignant over a recipe for bean-soup."

About this time of the year came the sugar parties, in the maple woods around town, the finest of which were Col. Westover's famous "Bush," near Frelighsburg, and the beautiful Meigs' Wood, on the Dunham Road. These outings were a happy combination of spring-time in the woods, with full liberty to rouse the echoes, and feasting on the delicious sweet, whose remembered flavor causes us, though far from those pleasant scenes, to scorn the maple sugar of commerce.

"Does anyone forget dear, beautiful 'Aunt Margaret' Westover, the Colonel's sister, in her black lace cap and lace mitts, laughing and making merry with us all? They were delightful people, all of them."

In summer we envied our neighbors of the States their splendid, hilarious "Fourth!" They call it barbarous now (the noise) though it is still dear to the heart of youth. We had then neither Dominion nor Empire Day, and strange as it may seem, the Queen's birthday was not universally celebrated in country towns. The best we could do was to go across into Vermont and participate as aliens at their fête. But one summer, our Academy boys determined to have a home celebration, even on the Fourth of July. The fact that numbers of old-fashioned loyalists were greatly shocked, only added to the zest. To the dim understanding of these good people it was actual celebration of Yankee Inde-



SOME OF THE BOYS OF ABOUT 1861.

E. H. Krans, G. P. Rixford, B. R. Seymour, A. Adams and W. W. Lynch.

pendence, and it had, indeed, all the outward signs of such a disgrace—parade of rag-a-muffins, flags, oration, fireworks, lemonade! Everything correct, or incorrect, according to the point of view. For the reading of the declaration was substituted a brief review of "Canadian progress" and achievements. It was during the Civil War, and following a declaration of good faith and loyalty to our own Government, were sympathetic allusions to the unhappy conditions across the border; closing with God Save the Queen, cheers for the President of the United States, and groans for Jeff Davis! Willie Lynch was, as usual, the orator of the day, looking, at the head of his company, "Associate Rags," even younger than his years—sunny curls, blue eyes, alight with fun, yet with his characteristic earnestness in evidence, even then; a boy whom all the school loved and delighted in, as he well knew, yet bearing his honors modestly, as he has always done. Previous to this, in the preceding year, an incident occurred, connected, we may say, with the War, which is thus related by Judge Lynch:

"After hostilities had commenced between the Northern and Southern States, the boys attending the Academy divided into two camps. Ben Seymour was a very strong Northern man, while Wm. Wilson and I were Southern sympathizers. We procured a piece of white cotton cloth, in flag form, and Wilson, who was something of an artist, painted a palmetto tree, with "*Vivat Carolina*," in large letters under it. This we attached to a rope, and late one night suspended it over the street near Simon Cornell's store, at the corner of the Riceburg road, fastening the ends of the rope to the large trees on either side of the street. While we were at work, old Mr. and Mrs. Near came along; they lived

close by, and had been spending a social evening at a neighbor's. The old gentleman was carrying a lantern, and—I can never forget the scene—as they approached the flag, which was only partly raised, the old lady seized the lantern and holding it up, began to spell, “v-i-v, O, shaw, John, let’s go home!” Her tone expressed deep disgust. The next morning there was trouble in the school, Wilson and I were immediately suspected. Ben tore down the flag and stamped on it; he was loud in his condemnation of the infamous act, and it was some time before he made peace with me.”

As the War went on, the South lost many of its sympathizers, probably through the influence of Mr. Butler, whose teaching opened their understanding to the true meaning of the great struggle, as was shown by the oration of the following year.

There is another flag story, told by Dr. McAleer:—

“Among the bright pupils from the land of Uncle Sam, were Reid Paige and Niles Donaldson. They had planned a no less daring deed than the flying of the Stars and Stripes from the spire of the Academy; and needing an assistant, they took me into their confidence. We met on the campus one dark night to do the deed. All was ready, when rolling thunder and bright flashes of lightning caused us to halt and wait for the storm to pass; but, instead of passing, it increased in violence, and the down-pour of rain threatened a flood. After waiting for hours, as it seemed, I counselled an adjournment until a more favorable time. But Yankee blood was aroused; that flag must go up, and go then! Donaldson had the key to the Academy, and going to the top, he opened the windows on the belfry end; the ladder, which we had taken from a neighboring barn, was handed up from window to window, until it was



SOME OF THE GIRLS.

Dora Cornell, Mary Baker, and Lottie Briggs, with Mr. Butler.



THE SAME SOME YEARS AFTER.

pulled into the belfry by the rope, and finally raised against the spire! We needed no lantern, I do not recall ever having seen a more violent electric storm, and the lights were ample. Flag-staff and rope in hand, Paige ascended the ladder. When all was done, we were as wet as if we had been in the mill-pond. Even now the thought of that night's work gives me a shudder.

"A beautiful sunshine ushered in the next day; the bell rang for school (Donaldson was janitor) and an out-pouring of pupils followed, when O, what a sight! The Stars and Stripes floating in splendid effrontery from our Academy!

"I shall never go into the school with that thing flying over it," came in chorus from a crowd of pupils, among which the young ladies predominated. The flag was lowered with all due respect, and I believe that I now for the first time disclose the identity of the culprits who were so earnestly sought, so roundly denounced, and to whom, if discovered, punishment was promised fifty years ago!"

Time changes all—one of the girls who would not enter the school while the flag of the United States surmounted it, in after years took her sons to an American University to complete their education under the shadow of the same glorious flag, losing none of her patriotism, nor affecting that of her sons in doing so; but all returning with broader minds and finer culture to do good work for Canada.

Arthur Baker furnishes a few reminiscences:—It was during Mr. Butler's last year that this little escapade occurred:—

A photographer had rooms in Edson's Hotel, conveniently near Academy Street. Arthur and two other lads, dressed in girl's clothes, went to the "studio" and

sat for a picture; while the photographer was developing the negative, the boys slipped away. They had just got out of their disguise and taken their seats, when the indignant artist appeared on the scene. Mr. Butler told him to point out the girls, and he would see that they paid for the pictures, but the man was unable to recognize his subjects among the group of young girls, all looking at him in innocent, honest surprise. Arthur, meanwhile was trembling in his seat. "For," said he, "my sister was there, and she always reported me at home." But no further investigation was made. The picture would be of some interest now!

Two years later, Mr. Eastwood, the Principal, being called away for a week, Arthur was chosen to take charge of the school during his absence; he accepted the charge on condition that all should promise to be good. All promised! One day he looked out of a window and saw George McAleer and Charlie Constantine settling a difficulty in characteristic fashion. Opening the window, he called, "Stop it! didn't you promise to behave yourselves for a week? Put it off till Monday, I don't care what you do when Eastwood is here." They postponed. Probably that particular dispute has never been settled.

Dr. McAleer tells of a first-of-April conspiracy on the part of the boys, which gave Mr. Eastwood a lively quarter-of-an-hour; he took it gamely, in the spirit of the day, giving them a half-holiday in which to work off the exuberance of their April spirits!

The atmosphere of the school seems to have changed after Mr. Butler's regime; none would have dreamed of playing a practical joke on him, or even have wished to do so, any more than with those dignified young gentlemen, who preceded him; yet there was plenty of fun.

The Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, in a recent publication, deploras the lack of encouragement and training of the poetic talent in our schools. Let us assure him that it was not so in our day. The preceptors of our Academy gave poetry due prominence. Instead of scorning "rhythm, rhyme and metre" they led us carefully through those lessons, seeking to lay a sure foundation for the poem by special training in good English construction, and by directing our minds to the best in general literature. As the "poet is born, not made," they could do no more. That our school produced no great poet is not the fault of its teachers. It is recorded that in the first year some clever verse opened the door of the debating society to the co-eds, but there were, in Mr. Butler's time, few indications of such talent; there were the inevitable jingles and rhymes that find their fullest development in college yells and songs, but only one such comes to mind now; Malcolm Meigs had a rheumatic knee that warned him of coming storms. The younger boys promptly turned this into a rhyme which amused none more than "Mac" himself, for he had a droll humor of his own, and

"Meigs, Meigs,
With barometer legs!"

appealed to him pleasantly.

Caroline Corey was the recipient of the following quatrain from a gallant youth:—

"Caroline's the girl I seek—
Ever unto truth inclined;
In her manners gentle, meek,
And with most enchanting mind."

Wilson, the gifted, used to write real poems and have them published; at least, one such appeared in the "Cowansville Observer," and was cherished with pride

for some time; but it is now beyond recall. Abel Adams, too, in his early years, could write quite cleverly, and there are some lines in his sister's album, of which she was very proud, and no doubt cherishes now with affection. One of the girls often wrote nonsense lines, parodies and jingles that amused her companions, but were not long remembered. One brief impromptu fared better, for it called out a response which, as Judge Lynch's first and perhaps only poem, must have place in these pages; Willie and Ben Seymour had partaken rather freely of some fine old cheese in Mr. Simon Cornell's store, near their boarding places. Willie, not a very robust youth, had at that time a bad cold, and an attack of acute indigestion followed the feast. When assured that he was out of danger, three of his girl friends sent him, from school, a note of sympathy; and by way of enlivening him a little, added these lines—

“Such a great lot of cheese,
Willie, never agrees
With persons of your constitution;
At least when it's old,
And you've a bad cold,—
But you've met with a just retribution.”

J., M., and D.

Now, certainly we did not think poor Willie had done anything that called for retribution; but the poet needed a rhyme and there was no time to search for a better one. The seeming reproach stirred Willie to self-defence, and having leisure while confined to his room, he answered at length. Before receiving the reply, however, Mr. Butler had visited the invalid, and on his return home, sitting down to dinner he exclaimed:—

“What do you think! J— has been perpetrating poetry! and he repeated the lines; the last seemed to

amuse him very much. Every one laughed, and the perpetrator was in confusion. The reply came soon after; and I think the judge has always been proud of his poem, although until now it has lain in his "Stanbridge Box," "a fountain sealed."

To J.—, M— and D—

Had I the magic power of poesy divine,
I willingly would yield and to my fate resign;
But since I've not, contented I must be,
Until my slender frame and cheese agree.
Indeed it was a cheese exceeding nice;
So that six ounces scarcely did suffice
To quench the appetite that in me raged
For cheese possessed of such a dear old age.
You deem it now a rash or greedy act—
By poetry composed with wondrous tact—
But yet perchance were you in a like state
You'd eat at even a more voracious rate.
My thanks to you I gratefully tender
For sympathy which to me you did render.

W. W. L.

ONE OF THE OLD SONGS.

Joys that we've tasted
May sometimes return,
But the torch when once wasted,
Ah! how can it burn?
Splendors now clouded,
Say, when will ye shine?
Broke is the goblet,
And wasted the wine.
Many the changes,
Since last we met
Blushes have brightened,
And tears have been wept;
Friends have been scattered,
Like roses in bloom,
Some at the bridal,
And some at the tomb.

I stood in yon chamber,
But one was not there;
Hush'd was the lute-string,
And vacant the chair,
Lips of love's melody,
Where are ye borne?
Never to smile again,
Never to mourn."

Through correspondence we have traced most of the old-time students of Our Academy on their way through the world. Many have journeyed far from those scenes and are known to us no more. Many have passed beyond the bourne that bars communication to all alike.

"I well remember the opening of the school," writes Alma Corey Knowlton, "the ringing of the bell was such a joyous sound; and we looked up to the stately and dignified Mr. Gilbert as to some superior being.

"Many of the old companions are gone; and yet, on thinking it over, comparatively few of the girls are gone, a greater number of the boys are missing; Dr. Malcolm Meigs, Abel Adams, Zeno Whitman, James Tree, Reid Paige, and probably others of whom I have not learned.

"Poor Malcolm's career was short. He was very successful in his profession, but over-work brought on a fatal disease. He left a young wife and an infant daughter. Of his first wife, my dear friend Jane Chandler, I feel incapable of writing worthily. She had a lovely character, refined by suffering. She died very young, soon after her marriage, the third of Mrs. Chandler's four beautiful daughters to fall a victim to consumption."

Once during her lingering illness, she spoke to the present writer of her reading, saying it had been such a source of consolation to her. "I have chiefly to thank the Gilberts for it," she added, "they gave me a good knowledge of books and taught me to love the best."

"Dear Mr. Butler," continued Mrs. Knowlton, "was a born teacher; he seemed perfectly happy in the school-room, and so interested in each one's getting on as well as possible."

Alma Corey taught for several seasons after leaving the Academy, then took a course at McGill Normal School, followed later by Calista Burnham; these were the only Stanbridge girls of that time to take the Normal course. Alma soon after married Mr. H. C. Knowlton, of that fine old pioneer family of Brome County. They have three daughters living, "and one dear daughter in Paradise." Alma bewails the loss of a collection of old letters from her school friends, among them such bright and interesting girls as Elizabeth Stinehour, Jane Chandler and Lucy Buck, letters that would have furnished desirable data and sparkling reminiscence. "So much was said about germs and baccilli," says Alma, "that I was persuaded to burn them, and I deeply regret it." So does the present writer; there is a decided lack of such beneficent baccilli.

Virgil Corey, who has never married, lives with his sister. Mervin, a younger brother, was a clever young man. He edited, for some time, "The Stanbridge Record," a bright, but short-lived weekly published by Col. Arthur Gilmour. Mervin, with William O'Dell and Henry Jones, volunteered for the second Riel campaign. Mervin was soon invalided home on account of heart trouble, from which, finally, he died. The others returned at the close of the rebellion. William O'Dell has been previously mentioned as an efficient secretary-treasurer for the Stanbridge School.

The Rykert sisters are mentioned in the preceding chapter as first year pupils, a statement which Mrs. Charlotte Rykert Baker corroborates in characteristic manner:—

"Yes, Emily and I were students at that renowned seat of learning in its first year. I did not attend the second year, but Emily remained, chiefly for drawing lessons from Miss Gilbert. Our first Academy year was at Swanton, which was also an opening year; the second year we were at Dunham, and the third year at Stanbridge, where we were a part of our Aunt Chandler's family. After that, we devoted our time to music, having lessons from Professor Charles Martin, who had a class in Stanbridge, and took us in on his way to Frelighsburg. Professor Martin was from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and was a cousin of the Stanbridge Martins. He was a fine teacher and vocalist.

Edward Krans and his sister Harriet were at Dunham and at Stanbridge the same years that we were; Charlotte Krans, too, was at Stanbridge. They drove from home, six miles. At Dunham I heard Edward say that throughout the winter, during the school week, they were never at home by daylight. They were faithful in attendance and lost but little time. With such determination, is it any wonder that Edward rose to eminence in learning? I lament his death. I believe his eldest son has gained repute as an author of scientific works.

"Among Stanbridge pupils, I remember especially, Caroline Corey, who excelled in mathematics; Seraph Thomas so persevering and painstaking; and Fanny Burke (Mrs. Lanthier), an attractive girl, who wrote a beautiful hand, I fancy she was clever. I can see some of the younger pupils as they appeared then; Dora Cornell with her large blue eyes; Mary Baker, with red flannel bandages on her wrists, they were weak from over-practice on the piano; Horatio Bingham and Irving Briggs, who made frequent calls at Mrs. Chandler's in the winter evenings."

Charlotte is the only survivor of that merry group of cousins at Mrs. Chandler's. She married Mr. Joseph Baker of Dunham, a young man of admirable character, a younger brother of the popular Senator who for so many years led to victory the conservatives of Missisquoi.

In the fine old homestead adjoining Dunham village, Mr. and Mrs. Baker have brought up a family of seven sons and daughters, every one fine. Not one of us has led a happier life, or reached the border-land in more cheerful mind than our friend Charlotte. Not even her recent years of illness and intense pain have conquered her fine spirit. Her friends have sometimes wondered at her continued cheerfulness; they forget that—

"A merry heart goes *all* the way."

Emily Rykert died in the bloom of her womanhood and happiness, the wife of Henry Baker, the brilliant young teacher. He was a man of splendid gifts and fascinating personality, of whom his friend and rector, Ven. Archdeacon Scott, once said, "Henry comes nearer to being a genius than any other man I have known." Had his ambition equalled his ability, he might have won honors in life, but he seemed careless of his gifts and responsibility. Henry Baker was happily married. Emily's devotion, energy and ambition seemed to assure a bright future, and then, suddenly, she died, of that mysterious "new disease," diphtheria. It was a shock to all who knew and loved her, and we were many. It seemed unbelievable! So much depended upon her living—to our thinking, it was nothing less than a tragedy.

Little Emily Baker, the baby, was adopted by her mother's sister, Mrs. George Adams, and for her, all went well. But in a short time Henry Baker dropped

out of "that splendid band of teachers" and was known no more in Missisquoi, till many years later, when he returned to die in his sister's home in Dunham.

Elma Rhicard, whose name leads the girls' list in the opening year, was like a sunbeam in the school-room, a sweet, gay, lovely girl, who seemed made just for happiness, but into her life came bitter disappointment and great suffering. She married William Butler, of Pigeon Hill, a member of "Hubbard's Band," that most popular of orchestras, and one of the glories of Missisquoi! Mr. Butler lost his life in a railroad accident. Mrs. Butler with her father, mother and brother, finally moved to Stanbridge East, the scene of her happy school days—where one after another was taken until "our dear Elma" was left alone. For several years she was an invalid, attended by a faithful friend, and in 1908 broken by cumulative suffering she escaped from the ills which she had borne with so much patience and loveliness.

From Mrs. Agnes Bryan-Richardson, we get chronicles of a well-known family of Stanbridge, and some other school-mates. Mr. James Scagel, her father, was one of the early trustees of the Academy, and one of the substantial pioneer citizens of Stanbridge.

Agnes, the second daughter, married Mr. M. V. Bryan, a highly esteemed business man of Stanbridge, who is mentioned in a preceding chapter as an active member of the Academy Association, and one of the later trustees. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan led a quietly prosperous life, and a happy one, until the death of their only child and daughter, who married very young and died at the birth of her child, leaving her infant son in her mother's care. But failing health obliged Mrs. Bryan to relinquish the child to his father's keeping. Mr. Bryan's

death occurred in 1897. Some years after, Agnes married a Mr. Richardson, of Ogdensburg, a distant relative of her family, but a year or so later, she was again left a widow, and returned to Stanbridge, where she has built a pretty cottage looking upon the old Academy street. Her grandson, now a fine young business man, is, as she expresses it, her one great interest in life. She is a helpful and loved member of society in her old village home, emulating, one may say quite respectfully, "The pious old lady of Leeds."

Ellen and Emma Scagel, the twins, so puzzling in identity to most of us, so closely did they *resemble themselves*, were popular among the younger pupils in Mr. Butler's time. Ellen, after her marriage, resided in Los Angeles, California. She died several years ago, leaving a son, who is now living in Cincinnati. Emma has been twice married, the second time in California to Mr. William Jones, since deceased. They are now living in Stanbridge. Emma, also, has one son, who is highly spoken of by his Stanbridge friends.

Edgar Scagel, one of the "Old Guard," and good as gold, went out to seek his fortune, in which he succeeded fairly well. He is living at Crown Point, New York—that old historic Point! He has one son and a daughter and several grandchildren. Edward, the younger brother, remains in the old home; he married Helen, the petite daughter of Mr. Samuel Stanton, Mary Scagel, the eldest of the family, was one of Mr. N. P. Gilbert's pupils. She was very pretty and one of the belles of Old Stanbridge—perhaps one should say of Old Missisquoi. She made a rather romantic marriage with an elder brother of M. V. Bryan and went away to the States with her young Lochinvar. He died many years ago. Mrs. Bryan afterward married Mr.

George Edison, a cousin of Thomas Edison, the inventor. She has two children, a son and a daughter. She resides in Grand Rapids, Mich., and often visits her Stanbridge home.

Gardner Stanton and wife, Helen, daughter of Mr. Morency Gardner, of Stanbridge, are living on the Stanton Farm on Stanbridge Ridge. They, too, have lost an only child, and have borne it with the same resignation that so many other brave souls have shown under like affliction. Louisa Gardner, and the younger brother, Orville, remain in the old home at Stanbridge East.

Amittai Scott, of North Stanbridge, near West Farnham, will be remembered as one of the early students. She and Lucy Buck are cousins. Amittai was a sunny-hearted, pretty girl, and a sweet singer. She married Mr. Thomas Hayes, of Farnham, who died a few years ago. Mrs. Hayes says she was "present" in Mr. Simeon Gilbert's year, and adds, "I seem to see him now, standing on the platform, so dignified and elegant." Dr. Gilbert has stood on many a platform since that time, not only elegant, but eloquent. Mrs. Hayes has one son and some bright little grand-children living in West Farnham, and an adopted daughter, now living in Winnipeg, B.C., with whom, since her husband's death, Mrs. Hayes spends much of her time, as well as with her relatives in Manchester, N.H. She writes entertainingly of her travels, and, like the rest of us, sometimes dreams of "the happy old days at Stanbridge."

From Mrs. Bryan-Richardson we learn of our old friend, Harriet Eager, who married Mr. Levi Scott, of Cowansville, one of the best of men. For some years they resided in the Western States, then for some time in Montreal, finally returning to the Cowansville home.

They have known sorrow in the loss of two young children under more than usual sadness of circumstance; and through illness, Harriet lost her beautiful singing voice, and partially her hearing. But she is the same warm-hearted, sincere friend, and in her the poor and sick find ready help and comfort. Let us hope that her music, like her little children, will be given back to her—bye and bye. There is one son, Mr. Irving Scott, living.

Those "immortally consequential happenings," which so often attended upon the old-time Academies, were not lacking at ours. Many a pretty romance beginning there came to happy fruition, while some perished in the bud; if it left a wound in the youthful heart, doubtless the years have brought compensation. As Abel Adams used to say, "Time is a great assuager of woe."

The Blinn family were of the early-romance class. Hiram Blinn and his neighbor, Mary Whitman, a girl beloved by all for her sweet womanliness, may be mentioned as such. They are living at Frelighsburg, and have two daughters living. Their eldest daughter died in early womanhood. Charley Blinn married Charlotte Briggs (little dark-eyed, laughing Lottie). They live on the home farm, with its large comfortable house, so fine for parties in the old-time. They have two children, son and daughter, and two grandchildren. They are an especially happy and harmonious family, and Lottie is a serene and dignified mother. Horace Blinn, the youngest brother, married, first, Mary Galer, of Meigs' Corners (Dunham), a pupil in the late years of Mr. Butler's time; a very pretty young girl. She died a few years after her marriage. Horace married Sarah Brown for his second wife. He has a fine family, a son and four daughters. The Blinns are all public spirited

people, taking an active interest in social affairs. Emily Blinn, Mrs. Rowell, of Frelighsburg, has been mentioned as the mother of two of our teachers. (Since the above was written Horace Blinn has died.) She died recently at her home in Frelighsburg. Two daughters survive her.

Irving Briggs and Mary Adams were also of the early romantic class. Their happy married life began in Stanbridge, where Irving also began his business career as clerk in Mr. J. C. Baker's bank. He subsequently entered the employ of the Eastern Townships Bank, and was, for many years manager of the Waterloo Branch, from which he has now retired. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs have one son, an only child, of whom they are justly proud. He is a graduate of Cornell University, and married, some years ago, a very charming "American girl."

Abel Adams was a first-year pupil, and later was fitted by Mr. Butler for the University. He was graduated from the Law Department of McGill, later was in Judge Abbott's office, and was admitted to the Bar; but he had no love for the profession and abandoned it for commerce. After the death of his wife, Miss Mary Foster, niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. R. Dickenson, of Bedford, he returned from the Western States, where he had been in business for several years, and took up his residence with his mother in Montreal; he died there in 189—. Abel was a warm-hearted, generous man, and an affectionate son and brother.

Returning to the Briggs family, Nellie, the eldest daughter, a pupil of Mr. N. P. Gilbert, was a lovely, mirthful girl; in thinking of her one recalls her rosy cheeks, her soft brown hair and her very sweet voice. "She is still the same dear, sweet soul," says a Stan-

bridge friend. She married Mr. Augustus Barney, a young business man of Bedford. They are now living with their only son, in Richmond, Vermont.

Harvard Briggs, the youngest of the family, a bright, winsome, fun-loving boy (they were a fun-loving family), has remained in Stanbridge. He married Bertha, daughter of Mr. Cyril Chandler, a son of John Chandler, named among the founders of the Academy, one of the prominent families of Stanbridge. A younger son of John Chandler, was Joseph, who married pretty little Dora Harris, youngest daughter of Mr. Alonzo Harris, also one of the Academy founders, and an early trustee.

And still in memory they crowd around us, the dear old comrades of long ago! Zeno Whitman, one of the kindest and best, Jimmie Tree, handsome, nonchalant, and charming if he liked you, if he did not, having no use for you!

Zeno, like many others, went out to seek his fortune in the States. He returned two or three years later, from Troy, New York, with a charming wife, to live in the old home. He died years ago.

Jimmie, too, is gone. He left a very interesting family. He married his cousin, Miss Ayer, a beautiful girl, the sister of Albert A. Ayer, also of Ours, who became a successful business man in Montreal.

Dan. Tree, the rosy, smiling, black-eyed boy of Mr. Butler's day, has maintained his record for kindness of heart and general worth. He lives in Stanbridge. He has been twice married; the second time to Dora Harris, widow of Joseph Chandler; and in this sentence lies the finale of that other romance.

Lucy Tree, a blooming girl, one of the younger set of our time, is now Mrs. Cleveland, a good woman, an ardent Christian Scientist.

What a number of pretty and even beautiful girls there were in our school, first and last; Elizabeth Stinehour, a brilliant girl; Mary, her younger sister; Lucy Buck; Maria Paige, a strikingly handsome girl, she looked like an aristocratic Southern girl, but she was from Bakersfield, Vermont, a sister of Reid Paige, who was also dark and handsome. Another dark-eyed beauty was Maria Smith, of North Stanbridge, a gentle and unassuming little girl who seemed not to know how pretty she was. Julia Rice was of another type of loveliness, a slender, graceful girl of the lily type. There was never a lack of beauty, or of intellect, in any generation of the Rice clan. Julia married Captain Lewis McD. Smith, of St. Albans. She was a favorite in society, admired for her sweetness of character, as well as for her grace and beauty. Nellie Rice was not such a beauty as her sister, but lovely, and a fine representative of the Rice family. She married Mr. Albert Percy, of St. Albans. Both sisters died many years ago—how those words recur! Each left a charming daughter, and Mrs. Percy left also two fine sons.

Lucy Buck, of West Farnham, was an especial favorite not only for her beauty, but for her bright personality—a piquant, saucy, fascinating girl. She married Mr. Henry Tudor, of New York City. They afterward resided in Ontario. Mr. Tudor died while their sons were quite young. Until they were educated and fitted for business Mrs. Tudor resided in Montreal. She is now in Minneapolis where her sons are established in business. Life for her, as for most of us, has doubtless had its hardships and discipline; but courage and faith bring us through, and love sweetens all and illumines the dark places.

The Stinehour sisters have both been residents of

Cowansville. Elizabeth, who has been a widow for many years, returned with her family to live near her brother and sister. She has recently been bereft of her only son, bearing it with what courage is given to a mother to endure such loss. Since the children have married and scattered they actually spend their time among them, and with their sister, Augusta, at Cowansville, the latter had always been devoted to her mother who lived to a great age, greatly esteemed by all.

Mary Stinehour (Mrs. Gleason), a serene, sensible, sweet-tempered girl, but with the courage of her opinions always, is no less admirable as a woman. She has sustained with courage the loss of her husband and a son, has conducted all her affairs wisely, and withal has been a wise mother. She has four sons and a daughter; all are clever and well educated; the eldest son is a prominent physician in Manchester, N.H.

In speaking of the Smith family, a correspondent warns us not to forget Loftus, brother of Sarah and Maria, who is "one of our most substantial and reliable men, living on his fine farm near St. Armand Station." Forget Loftus? No, indeed! Can we not see him now, coming into the school-room like a brisk morning breeze, bright-eyed and rosy of countenance, going to his seat as if he were boarding a business train and just on time. One could be sure he would arrive. According to the St. John's News, he is prominent in a society called "The Hustlers." It sounds characteristic, and it is good to hear of such men among the farmers of Missisquoi.

Another boy who can never be forgotten by any of his contemporaries was Joshua Sheldon, of Sheldon, Vermont. He was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Butler, boarding with them, a fine, manly, noble-hearted boy,

the only son of a wealthy citizen of Sheldon. He died young, during an epidemic of fever. His mother, a widow, dying at almost the same time, there was one funeral for mother and son. "It was called a tragedy," says Mrs. Butler, "but it was a happier fate for the mother than to have lived on alone."

Among other well-remembered students are Alethea Sheldon, of Stanbridge Ridge, the Beatties, of Stanbridge, and their cousins, Mary and Ben Beattie, children of James Beattie, of Enosburg, Vermont. Mary, a gentle, refined girl, is now Mrs. Wilder, of Enosburg Falls, a devoted friend of Mrs. Butler. Elizabeth Beattie, of Stanbridge, married Oscar Anderson, one of the best young men of Stanbridge, who became one of the leading citizens. He died in 1905, deeply mourned by a wide community. His home and family was and is, a model one. Harvey Beattie, married Aureola Chandler, one of the jewels of our "shining circle" of young girls. They live in the Chandler home, north of the village. It has been enlarged and beautified. Our old friend Harriet, the elder sister, divides her time between this home and her professional duties in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Beattie had a heavy cross to bear, in the loss of their first children, three in one week, during an epidemic of diphtheria. It was also a heavy blow to dear Mr. Chandler, who delighted in these little grandchildren. A son and a daughter were afterwards born to them, and have grown up worthy representatives of the family.

Another jewel of that circle was little May Cornell, daughter of Mr. Simon Cornell, whose "Store," served as the background for scenes mentioned in the preceding chapter. May, now Mrs. Herbert Phelps, lives at Meigs' Corners, Mr. Phelps being the present owner of

the beautiful old Meigs Place, on the Dunham Road. There her Stanbridge friends gather for visits, as the older ones used to do in Julia Meigs' time, and it is a happy reflection for the latter in her far California life, that the old home is not yet occupied by strangers.

Among the younger boys of Mr. Butler's time were "Zeb" and "Mattie" Cornell, sons of Edwin Cornell, and Charlie their cousin.

Z. E. CORNELL

is a lawyer, and a King's Counsel, practicing at Bedford. M. S. Cornell succeeded his father in business as did his elder brother in his profession. Both have married, and the former has one daughter, while the latter has three sons and two daughters living. Their cousin, Charles, son of S. H. Cornell, who remains a bachelor, went west in his younger days, and has never again made Stanbridge his home. Theodora Cornell Moore resides at the old homestead with her younger son, Charles. The elder son, Edward, resides in Ottawa. These are descendants of Zebulon Cornell, who was among the first settlers. His niece, Henrietta Cornell, now Mrs. Stewart, of Bedford, was one of the first year students of Stanbridge Academy. Then, as now, she was an optimist, full of brightness and good cheer, and loved books.

There were many other bright boys among the younger pupils of whom Mr. Butler was "proud and fond." Most of them have become the good and honorable men that he wished them to be, filling their respective places in the world with credit to their teachers and themselves.

"But were there no dull and unlovely ones at your 'renowned seat of learning?'" asks the curious reader. Please, we don't remember! "No failures in the after-

math?" Perhaps, yet, we confess, if we knew we would not tell, here. But we do not know. We have no implements accurate enough to measure or weigh what passes in this world for success or failure, or to adjust the doubtful balance.

Joe Gargary found complete delight in his newspaper, when he discovered by chance a "J-o, Jo"—(all that poor Joe knew of literature). The few catalogues published for our Academy do not furnish much more of reminiscence, yet, in a way of their own, they are very interesting, even fascinating, and so we annex them. To those dear elusive schoolmates whom we have, through no fault of intention, been unable to include in our reminiscences by more than names, we give cordial greeting and assurance of remembrance.

When the great roll is called in that upper school-room—whether we have gone with ease and honors through this lower course, or desperately struggling with uncomprehended lessons—penitent and ashamed for wasted opportunities, or broken with disappointment and undeserved reproach—may every one be there at last to gladly answer—Present.



A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PART OF STANBRIDGE VILLAGE.

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